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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see separate index*).
Includes poems by Laurence Binyon, Edward Sackville West, Stevie Smith. Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen; C. E. M. Joad; Roger Fulford; Ralph Partridge; Edward Sackville West; V. S. Pritchett; Michael Foot; Christopher St. John; Paul Bloomfield; John Beevers.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THAT the Home Secretary should base a public speech on one of the most important issues before the country upon a verbal quibble would seem impossible if Sir John Simon had not so often done the same thing before. He declares that he has not the power to "ban" a political demonstration. True, the Home Secretary cannot merely issue a fiat to say which procession shall take place and which shall not; but he has ample powers, and sometimes uses them, to prevent any demonstration which seems likely to lead to a breach of the peace. Several methods of procedure are at his disposal. He may obtain a magistrate's order binding over individuals who are proposing action likely to lead to violence or to any other breach of the law. This procedure was used in the case of Dunning *v.* Wise, which we quote in our leading article this week, and in the recent Tom Mann case. Tom Mann, in fact, went to prison for refusing to abandon his meeting. In the Metropolitan area, the Commissioner of Police, who is directly responsible to the Home Secretary, can issue orders to prevent obstructions and to regulate the routes of processions—a procedure adopted in the recent demonstration outside the Fascist meeting at the Albert Hall which led to the Thurloe Square meeting being broken up by the police. When Lord Brentford was Home Secretary he boasted of having only made "23 orders prohibiting public meetings." Why should Sir John pretend that he has not the same power? When he further adds that to take such action in the case of the Fascists would also imply taking it against the Left, the answer is that, if there is a serious danger of a breach of the peace, Left processions should be banned as much as Right, and that in fact we all know that they will be banned as they have been in the past. We hope that Sir John can be prevailed upon to make a serious statement and to abandon this legalistic nonsense.

Russia Calls the Bluff

A great Power has at last been found to revolt against the farce of "non-intervention" in Spain. The Soviet note on Wednesday to the Chairman of the Committee exposes the violations of neutrality by the Fascist States, and declares in plain terms that unless this scandal is promptly stopped, Russia will withdraw from the unholy alliance. That threat may be decisive, for with Russia's

defection the whole pact will collapse. This move by Moscow coincided with, and will add force to, the revulsion of feeling that swept the British Labour movement at the Edinburgh Conference. The speeches of the two Spanish delegates caused a profound emotion; they repeated the story which we have now heard from numerous eye-witnesses of Spaniards armed with knives and old shot guns being wiped out by bombs and machine guns from German and Italian aeroplanes. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood posted off to London to see Mr. Neville Chamberlain; and it is probable that the Conference resolution supporting non-intervention will be revised. This new pressure coming at this late stage, will seriously embarrass some of the Governments, and not least the French. Nor is it now at all certain that the Spanish Government, if it is at last able to get aid from abroad, will get enough of it and in time. General Franco's big attack on Madrid is expected within a day or two. His armies have been heavily reinforced and are strong in artillery and aeroplanes. The defenders, though full of courage, are weak in material and in discipline. But even the loss of Madrid, serious though it would be, would not necessarily spell final defeat.

The Issues at Edinburgh

The Labour Executive were no doubt glad of the opportunity to cut short the Communist affiliation discussion by introducing the Spanish delegates whom the Left were particularly anxious to hear. The vote, however, would have been much the same in any case—roughly a three to one majority against affiliation. The bigger issue of forming a working "people's front" of all the Opposition Parties on particular issues is, of course, quite unaffected by this decision. The most important debate was on an armament resolution which was an obvious attempt to reconcile irreconcilables. Everyone knows that rearmament is proceeding in any case at an immense speed: the only question was whether Labour could use the Government's need of its co-operation to influence policy.

The Arms Debate

The Arms Debate had at least the dubious merit of clearly exposing different currents of opinion. Mr. Lansbury led the pacifist wing and called for a World Economic Conference. Dr. Dalton and Mr. Ernest Bevin eloquently urged that since Labour would need arms if it came to power, it had better openly say so and support rearmament now. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison refused to commit the Parliamentary Party to vote for the Estimates. They know the danger of the Labour Opposition ceasing to have any important influence if it falls in behind the Government's preparations; they are doubtful, perhaps, as we are, whether a Labour Government is in the least likely in the near future, and entirely sceptical of this Government using British arms or British influence for purposes of which Labour would approve. Sir Stafford Cripps, who would not trust this Government with a revolver, urged and nearly succeeded in persuading the Conference to abandon the ambiguous resolution and adjourn the discussion. There is still a large element in the Party which is not purely pacifist, but which is unwilling to abandon its past resolutions not to support any war or preparations for war except in support of "collective security." Its dilemma arises from the fact that "collective security" is moribund.

The Palestine Mandate

Palestine has been quieter during the past week. General Dill is making reconnaissances and laying his plans. He has not yet assumed any of the drastic powers conferred on him by the Order in Council, and it may be that he will not need to do so. It is believed that the Higher Committee, after their long consultations with the Arab kings, are on the point of calling the strike off; according to one report, they will propose an "armistice" as a face-saving method of settlement. Meanwhile, there has been some grumbling at the British Government in the Mandates Commission at Geneva, both for their delay in repressing the disorders and for their failure to inform the Commission fully about the situation in Palestine. The principal critic was Mr. Lange, of Norway; but Lord Cranborne's excuses appeared satisfactory to the majority of the members. Mr. Lange complained in particular that, as things are, they would not be able to consider the report of the British Royal Commission until a year after the outbreak, and he suggested an extraordinary session of the Mandates Commission to deal with the case. Lord Cranborne objected to this as premature; and unless the report is to be ready within a few months, which is highly improbable, the objection seems reasonable enough. It is futile for the Mandates Commission to try to "deal with a case" which is not a case, but an involved conflict of claims.

Japan and China

Japan is again on the offensive in China. The recent outbursts of anti-Japanese feeling, with several murders included, have not led to the large-scale punitive operations that some people expected. But passions in Japan have been well worked up, and the Army and Navy are reported to be ready (when indeed are they not?) for the word "go." For the moment, however, the Government's tactics are an intensification of diplomatic pressure and threats. Mr. Arita, the Foreign Minister, told the foreign correspondents in Tokio the other day that "China is now at the cross roads." She must decide, and that pretty quickly, to shake hands with Japan, or—. Shaking hands is, of course, a euphemism for signing on the dotted line whatever Japan may demand. And what Japan demands is that China shall be her, and nobody else's, henchman. Her immediate requirements are measures on the part of the Nanking Government for the suppression of anti-Japanese activities, of radicalism in the Kuomintang and of "dangerous thought" in general. At the same time she is pressing her scheme for uniting the five northern provinces of China—in plain words for the establishment of another Manchukuo. And with all this are combined demands for a number of economic concessions (politely called "co-operation"), including a reduction of the Chinese tariffs. China is kicking against the pricks; whether the kicks will lead to another little war, remains to be seen.

The Lira Joins the Rest

Germany's currency isolation is emphasised by the decision of Italy to devaluate the lira in spite of Mussolini's famous "Pesaro Pledge," which seemed finally to commit Italy against devaluation in any form. The Duce has saved his face by affirming that the devaluation of the lira by 41 per cent. is to be regarded, not as a fall of the Italian

currency from its high estate, but as a return to the dollar-sterling exchange value of the lira as it was at the time when the pledge was given. This is a matter between Signor Mussolini and the Italian people—as far as the people has any voice in such affairs. From the international standpoint the devaluation of the lira is undoubtedly a good thing. Exchange controls and similar devices for keeping national currencies at purely artificial values are a nuisance to everybody; and anything that makes for greater ease in transforming one currency into another is of advantage both to foreign trade and in facilitating tourist traffic and the freedom of movement across national frontiers. In devaluing by 41 per cent. Mussolini should have allowed himself enough margin to make further controls unnecessary, unless he proposes to finance further campaigns like that in Abyssinia. In conjunction with the further moderate devaluation in Czechoslovakia and the currency changes in France, Holland, Switzerland, Latvia, Turkey, and other countries, the Italian "currency readjustment" should make a good deal easier the establishment of at any rate *de facto* stabilised exchange rates between the leading national monetary centres—with the notable exception of Berlin.

Towards Freer Trade?

While Mr. Chamberlain, in London, was congratulating himself on the Government's admirable international behaviour in helping the French to devalue the franc with the minimum of dislocation, Mr. W. S. Morrison, in Geneva, after a parallel essay in self-congratulation, proceeded to urge the importance of complementing the readjustment of currency values with a renewal of the restrictions on international trade which have been operated in close connection with the mechanism of exchange control. Mr. Morrison, towards the end of his speech, went on to make proposals for an inquiry, under the auspices of the League, into the question of access to raw materials, both in colonial territories and elsewhere. He then moved two resolutions—one calling for a lowering of barriers to trade, both by bilateral negotiations and by autonomous action, and the other proposing that a League Committee should be set up to report upon the raw material problem. While it is difficult to accept Mr. Morrison's complacency about the recent commercial policy of Great Britain, every sensible person will agree with him that the present currency changes should be used as a means of removing trade barriers to the fullest possible extent. As for the proposed inquiry into access to raw materials, we are not quite clear what it is intended to achieve. The committee will presumably not be allowed to discuss Herr Hitler's thesis that the real problem is one not of commercial accessibility of the requisite materials, but of the actual possession of colonial territories. As for the removal of trade barriers, we shall feel more hopeful of progress when we have been told what barriers, if any, the Government which Mr. Morrison represents is itself prepared to remove.

Danzig

The first news that Mr. Lester, the High Commissioner for Danzig, was to be appointed Deputy Secretary-General of the League sounded suspiciously like another concession to violence. All the parties concerned in the dispute, in fact, accepted it as such. The Nazis were jubilant; the remnants of the Opposition parties in Danzig were fearful; Warsaw was silent. Herr Greiser lost no time in making the appropriate preparations for a Nazi victory. Seventy-five Socialists were flung into gaol, the printing offices of two former Social Democratic newspapers were raided and their editors summarily imprisoned. The report of Mr. Eden's Committee to the League Council on Monday, however, revealed that the surrender was not to be so abject as had been supposed. No effort was made to hide the fact that the League's Constitution for the Free City had been flagrantly violated. Quotations from Mr. Lester's report showed that the High Commissioner had encountered persistent opposition from the Danzig Senate in fulfilling his duties, and that decrees had been passed which "appear to affect some of the principal constitutional rights of the citizens." After hearing the report, the Council entrusted the Polish Government with the task of devising the methods by which the League guarantee to the Danzig citizens may be made effective. This action has angered Herr Greiser and his friends. He has professed himself willing to deal with Polish Ministers when they represent Poland, but not when they represent the League. The Polish Government, too, may find it difficult to distinguish between its duties as the protector of Polish trade and its new role as the guardian of Danzig's rights. The solution is not heroic, but in these days we must be thankful for the smallest show of resistance to Fascist truculence.

Thank You for Nothing

The Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, issued a statement to the press this week outlining his plans for the improvement of the public health. Reading between the lines, we conclude that the object of this statement is mainly to reply to the rumours which have been in active circulation concerning the Government's intention to introduce some system of compulsory physical training for young people. According to the Minister, there is no present intention of applying compulsion; but there is to be an extension of physical training, for the present on voluntary lines, related in some way to what Sir Kingsley Wood describes as a measure for bridging the gap between the date at which children leave school and the date at which they enter into compulsory insurance. What positively these cryptic references mean we do not pretend to know; but they somehow remind us of the "Derby Scheme" of 1915, which was the necessary prelude to the compulsory military service of 1916. For the rest, Sir Kingsley Wood contented himself with reciting the steps which are already being taken in slum-clearance, and the measures consequent on the overcrowding survey, the extension of the midwifery service, and the provision of playing fields, chiefly through the instrumentality of voluntary agencies. This programme for the promotion of public health promises nothing at all that is not already being done, except the "closing of the gap" between school-leaving and insurance. It looks very much as if the Government's intention is to twist the demand for public health measures, as it continues to twist most other things, into an excuse for further measures of military preparedness.

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FASCISM AND THE JEWS

THE best thing that has happened for some time was the refusal of the populace in the East End to allow Sir Oswald Mosley's march. For it was not Sir Philip Game who banned the parade; the common people banned it by so filling the streets that even police charges could not clear the way for Sir Oswald's army. The Mayors of five East End London Boroughs well knew that a spectacular march of uniformed Fascists would mean a first-class riot. They had asked Sir John Simon to intervene. He did nothing; and it was left to the Commissioner of Police to decide at the last minute, after a number of heads had been broken, that the march was impossible. Sir John's hesitation was rather hard on the police, but in the event it has been useful; if the Home Secretary had taken steps to stop the march at the beginning Sir Oswald could have made a specious complaint that the law had taken sides against him. As it is his talk about the Government surrendering to the Reds is seen by everyone to be obvious nonsense. His march did not take place because the people, Jews and Gentiles alike, would not have it.

Sir John Simon justifies his refusal to act on the ground that to do so would be to interfere with the rights of free speech and assembly. We readily agree that in normal circumstances it is undesirable for the Home Office to prevent political demonstrations. We British have a tradition which we rightly cherish, that people may express their views and organise demonstrations as long as they are not likely to cause a breach of the peace. But Sir Oswald's East End march was not a normal political demonstration and it was certain to provoke a breach of the peace. The law which is very sensible on this subject provides ample precedent. There are two leading cases which are usually quoted in this matter of processions likely to lead to violence. In the first the courts refused to stop a weekly procession of the Salvation Army, although an organisation called the Skeleton Army regularly attacked it. The Salvation Army was not provocative; the wrong was done by the attacking party. But in the other case, Mr. Wise, a Protestant lecturer in Liverpool, was very properly prevented from delivering violent attacks on Roman Catholics in a Catholic area. A breach of the peace was held by the court to be the natural result of such lectures in this particular place. And the same argument applies with much more force to Sir Oswald Mosley's march. His demonstrations are far more provocative than anything hitherto known in English public life. His speakers announce a policy of racial discrimination, and propose, if they get the chance, to set up in England a dictatorship similar to those in Italy and Germany. If Sir Oswald were content to advocate these views in the usual manner on the ordinary political platform or in Hyde Park, or indeed in any regular public meeting place, there could be no legal objection. But he seems to fear that these methods will not bring him mass support. He supplements them by drilling a private army which wears a uniform similar to that of the Nazi storm-troopers, and he chooses to march his threatening bands into districts where fifty per cent. of the population is Jewish. It is impossible to regard this as anything else than a provocation to a breach of the peace.

If the Home Office does not take the initiative in banning such processions as incitements to violence, the population has no alternative but to fill the streets and force the Government's hand. Mr. Lansbury's suggested alternative of showing contempt by remaining indoors and leaving the cold streets empty to Sir Oswald's army is not practicable. The provocation is clearly such that a large number of people, without any prompting from any political party, will in any case demonstrate against Sir Oswald. The only way to prevent a breach of the peace is to forbid Fascist demonstrations in Jewish quarters, and further to make political uniforms illegal. It is even doubtful whether they are legal now. Correspondents in the *Times* have raised the question whether Sir Oswald is not reviving an illegal mediaeval practice of marching about with a band of liveried retainers. Any private army is a menace to the peace and ought to be prohibited.

Why does Sir Oswald Mosley adopt this peculiarly provocative method of propaganda? The results of his recent activities in the East End give some indication of the reason. It is an open secret that his economic policy, put out with a blare of trumpets a few years ago, made no impression. Detailed study of Hitler's technique appears to have led Sir Oswald to shift the emphasis from what we may call the constructive side of his policy and to concentrate upon an anti-Semitic drive. We find it hard to believe that Sir Oswald is himself convinced by his own anti-Semitic propaganda except as a political weapon; he is an intelligent man and not many years ago numbered prominent Jews amongst his intimate friends. But a Fascist movement must have mass support and can only live on hatred. Sir Oswald saw more clearly than most people that an anti-Semitic movement might catch on even in England, where traditions of tolerance and racial equality have been maintained for centuries. Anti-Semitism is, in truth, latent in many people, who dislike certain "foreign" characteristics in the Jewish race. But they have learnt to repress this irrational prejudice, just as they restrain their instinct to hit or abuse people who tread on their toes in a crowded bus. But once it is put about that the Jews are the cause of our troubles and that it is patriotic to attack them, many people who have not made a success of life, or who feel an unexplained grudge against their neighbours, begin to blame the Jewish race for their own sense of frustration. Racial differences, which were formerly matters for joking, are exaggerated into grievances, and in the East End, where Jewish landlords and employers are often unpopular in any case, it is not difficult to transform a mere dislike into an active hostility. At a public meeting a few months ago, Sir Oswald Mosley boasted that he had succeeded in the last two years in creating an anti-Semitism in England which had not existed when he began his propaganda. Sir Oswald's invasion of the East End has been intensified during the last six months. Fascist meetings, organised from headquarters, have been more frequent and speakers with their body-guards of uniformed stewards are brought down in vans. Their speeches have been increasingly violent and threatening to the Jewish population. Determined efforts are also made to establish local organisations in the heart of the most Jewish districts and outrages on individual Jews have grown more frequent and more brutal. One of these outrages made Sir John Simon's

"blood boil." We can supply him with a list of other outrages which would be enough, we should have thought, to enable him to get steam up for action. An elderly Jew, a member of no political organisation, was attacked from behind by five young men and knocked down with a split skull. Another, a matchseller, had his beard so violently pulled that hair was torn out by the roots. Other Jews have had their stalls knocked over. Petty persecution of this kind has become so frequent that the Whitechapel Labour Party has had to picket the Jewish market on Sunday mornings to try to discover the individuals committing these outrages, which are the natural result of Fascist propaganda.

This anti-Semitic activity has brought an entirely new atmosphere into East London politics. The Jews have been driven to seek new ways of defending themselves. At the General Election in November, 1935, a Jewish candidate, a Liberal, offered himself to the electorate of Whitechapel as a champion of his race against the Fascists, and the election campaign was carried out in that area on frankly non-political lines. Probably as many as 75 per cent. of the total Jewish electorate abandoned their usual political ties and voted as Jews for a Jew. A fortnight later, in a Borough Council election, an almost entirely Jewish ward in the same area, which had supported the Liberal in the General Election, returned a Jewish Labour candidate. Since then the increasing intensity of Fascist terrorism has induced a large number of Jews to look for protection not to the law, which has failed to defend them, but rather to the Labour Party. It was the experience of East End Labour Parties that carried out a campaign for new members in Whitechapel this summer that in some districts almost the whole Jewish population were prepared to enrol directly the canvasser stated that the Labour Party was prepared to fight Fascism.

This is no doubt just what Sir Oswald Mosley likes. The Communist party is too small in this country to act as a bogy and an influx of Jews into the Labour Party gives the Fascist a new weapon against Labour. Sir Oswald would no doubt like the English middle classes to fall into the same trap as Hitler laid for the Germans. He wants to be able to say that the progressive Parties, on whom he is forcing the role of defender of the Jews, are dominated by Semitic influences. Another possible result of his campaign is that politically uneducated and unaffiliated people in the East End, including a large body of Catholics, who are particularly easy victims of anti-Semitic propaganda, may supply him with the nucleus of that mass support which is essential if Fascism is to make any progress in this country. He offers unemployed men the inducement of free meals, free uniforms, and in some cases wages. It is to be noticed that it is completely false to say, as people commonly do, that Fascism is a reaction from Communism and cannot grow in this country because Communism is a negligible force. It is Fascism that is deliberately provoking a racial cleavage, and Fascism, not Communism, which is promoting violence and hooliganism.

It was good to find the Labour Party Conference becoming alive to the reality of the Fascist danger. Labour leaders have been too prone to pooh-pooh Fascism as merely an alien growth which would take no roots here. It need not take roots if resolutely tackled now. Fascism has now become an international revolutionary movement; we see it at work to-day in Spain, where Germany and Italy have supported a small clerical and Fascist minority in its rebellion, and unless the progressive forces can work together in the remaining democratic countries we may yet see this alien menace destroy civilised behaviour in France and even in England. The first steps in this country are to follow the examples of the Scandinavian countries and forbid political uniforms and private armies. Here the people of the East End have led the way, by roundly telling Sir Oswald and the Home Office that they will not stand this provocative nonsense. It is to be hoped that this sane view of the situation will be taken by the House of Commons.

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY EXPERIMENT

IT is widely, but quite wrongly, imagined that the Tennessee Valley Authority, almost alone amonst major New Deal agencies, has successfully overcome the constitutional onslaught which has destroyed so much of President Roosevelt's work. Actually the Supreme Court, in the only TVA case so far brought before it, passed on one aspect only, and that by no means the most controversial, of that great experiment.

It decided merely that the erection of power stations and transmission lines, and the sale of power to the public, whether directly or indirectly, was within the constitutional competence of the Federal Government, since electrical power was an inevitable by-product of some of the works for the improvement of internal waterways, and for the national defence, which the Constitution expressly authorised the Federal Government to undertake. It had no occasion to decide whether other aspects of TVA, which make it the most interesting part of the New Deal, were constitutional. That occasion may come during its next session, when an omnibus case, attacking TVA on more than a dozen distinct counts, is being brought by the power interests affected.

The Court may then be able to consider this interesting piece of attempted economic planning as a whole. When and if it does, it may be able to distinguish, as anyone who wishes to understand the significance of this experiment should, the eleven separate, though related, purposes of TVA. These may be listed as follows :—

1. An attempt to create a demand for electrical power in areas such as backward rural districts, amongst classes such as poor farmers, and for purposes such as specialised farming and small scale industry, where it now hardly exists, and to an extent which is now hardly dreamt of. This involves, in President Roosevelt's mind, providing electrical power in areas and at prices which would not be justified economically on the basis of the existing demand. In his view cheap supplies must be made available, despite risk of losses during the pioneer period, in order that people may be encouraged to appreciate the value of electricity, and potential demand, which enormously exceeds existing demand, thus be tapped.

2. To ensure that prices charged for electrical power by distributing agencies, public and private, are reasonable instead of excessive, by providing a yardstick, in the form of economic federal prices, with which private agencies must compete, and by which their charges may be judged.

3. To attack, by the yardstick method, and in other ways, such existing electrical interests, particularly holding as distinct from operating companies, as have been exploiting the consumer.

4. To attempt to re-plan the entire economic and social life of the region concerned on the basis of universally and cheaply available electrical power.

5. To erect dams and other works, so as to conserve water during wet, and to distribute it during dry, periods, thus diminishing America's growing flood and drought problems.

6. To reafforest lands not really suitable for other forms of agriculture, and to convert to pasture further lands not suitable for arable farming, with the same purpose of conserving water in wet, and distributing it in dry, periods, and with the further purpose of preventing soil erosion, which is another vital problem of twentieth century America.

7. To readjust agricultural methods and areas, in the foregoing

and in other ways, so as to preserve the soil and its fertility, and to get the greatest permanent profit from it.

8. In connection with the foregoing to re-settle poor families, white and coloured, now cultivating so called sub-marginal lands (*i.e.*, lands which cannot now yield a reasonable return, and which ought to be returned to pasture or forest), on fresh and better tracts (such as those made available by irrigation).

9. To establish subsistence homesteads and communities to take care of those surplus individuals and families who cannot otherwise be provided for, on the basis of production for family or local use rather than for outside sale.

10. To conserve natural resources now being wasted (in the Tennessee Valley chiefly soil, timber, and water).

11. To conserve, improve and make more easily and widely available, natural beauties, scenic and otherwise (by the creation of National or State Forests or Game Reserves and Parks).

Not all these purposes, or perhaps, many of them, are under fire. There is hardly a critic of the New Deal who will not, in the case of TVA, if in no other case, find something to commend. It is indeed chiefly the power projects which are under fire.

Opposition to TVA comes from four sources.

1. Power interests who fear that their holdings may be confiscated, or forced into bankruptcy, or otherwise injured, because of Mr. Roosevelt's known antipathy to utility holding companies, and his evident desire to use the yardstick method to the limit in order to reduce their charges.

2. Persons who fear that the sort of economic planning underlying TVA is a form of Socialism, and that it is the thin end of the wedge through which State control of economic life may be introduced, not merely in a distinct geographic area (that drained by the Tennessee and tributary rivers) but throughout the nation as a whole.

3. The diminishing number of bigoted supporters of the States' Rights and Strict Construction of the Constitution theories which have in the past been so powerful in American politics.

4. Natural conservatives, of whom there are many in such a hitherto backward region as the old South, who object to change on principle or from habit. (There are some incredibly poor families who protest bitterly when they are moved from hovels, in which it is impossible to avoid disease, and from tracts which could not possibly yield a living income, to modern homes and fertile holdings.)

It cannot be said as yet that groups 1 and 2 have had anything serious to complain about. Power companies in the Tennessee Valley area have in fact experienced a great increase in demand, and, despite the yardstick, in profits, since the TVA began operations. This increase has not only been absolute but also relative, as compared with increases in other parts of the country. Nor has there been any evidence, inside or outside the Tennessee Valley, of Socialist, still less Communist, purposes or consequences of this experiment. On the contrary TVA administrators have been extremely careful to avoid creating publicly owned, or operated, or even controlled, industries and activities, except when it was vital to their specific purpose, conservation and better utilisation of the natural resources of the Tennessee Valley area. They have brought business to private capitalists, regarded as a whole, rather then taken it from them.

Groups 3 and 4 have more to complain about; but the nation as a whole has in its present mood little sympathy with persons who live in the past, or by logic, as persons in these groups must do.

It seems to be true in the case of TVA, as it is in the case of the Roosevelt policy as a whole, that it is not so much what has been done, or what has happened, as what people fear will be done, or think will happen, which is behind the opposition to the President. It is felt, with some justice, that Mr. Roosevelt is opposed on principle to big business and especially to holding companies. It is believed that he is vindictive as well as critical in his attitude towards them and towards the wealthy as such. It is known that he is sentimentally inclined to believe the under dog right, and to support him, and to believe the upper dog wrong, and to oppose him. It is suspected that in consequence he does not take sufficient trouble to examine the facts in given cases, or the implications of what he is doing. It is known that in many cases there has been insufficient thought behind the Roosevelt policies, and that they have in consequence been muddled, and even inconsistent, in conception and execution. It is known that Mr. Roosevelt is instinctively inclined to be attracted to an idea merely because it is new, large, and liberal, and presented to him by an enthusiastic personality. It is feared therefore that he may make of Americans a series of guinea pigs for innumerable unsound experiments. It is known that he is optimistic by nature so far as public finance is concerned, and inclined to spend billions as lightly and hopefully as his predecessors would have spent millions. It is feared therefore that he may allow prodigal spending, and risky capital development, to proceed beyond the point which is safe, even for a vastly wealthy country like the U.S.A.

It cannot, however, be fairly said that such criticisms, even if valid as regards other aspects of the New Deal (or, perhaps, one should more correctly say New Deals, since Mr. Roosevelt has started many hares, not one only), are valid as regards TVA. No part of the Roosevelt experiments has been better thought out, better prepared, better executed. None has so competent, honest, and careful a staff. None has kept its activities so free from party patronage, not to mention actual corruption. None commands to the same extent, as regards both purposes and performance, the support of informed persons. None can show better results, financial and otherwise.

It is therefore wholly unlikely that public opinion, even if it turns against the New Deal generally, will include TVA in its condemnation. Governor Landon, in the very unlikely event of his being elected, will almost certainly maintain much, if not all, of TVA, provided that that experiment as a whole survives the further cases in the courts which are being, or may be, brought against it. The opponents of Mr. Roosevelt, Democratic and Republican, are not making an issue of TVA, as they are of much federal expenditure and experiment.

It is the reservation, so far as that is possible, of the lion's share of the profits of this unique experiment, for the community as distinct from capitalist corporations, which is under fire, and which may be altered if the courts should find against TVA in future cases, or if Governor Landon should win the election, and defer to his wealthy conservative supporters. Mr. Roosevelt's opponents, so far as TVA is concerned, would chiefly wish:

1. To prevent the yardstick method, or any other aspect of TVA, from forcing down their prices at the expense of their profit.

2. If possible to secure a return to the pre-Roosevelt policy of having the Federal Government erect dams and private companies transmit and sell to the consumer the resulting power.

It appears, however, both as regards their legal and their public attacks for this purpose, that they are over-reaching themselves.

Certainly the supporters of TVA, who are many, inside and outside the area immediately affected, seem quietly confident that neither the Supreme Court nor the electorate will fatally injure this most valuable of the Roosevelt innovations.

FRANK DARVALL

A LONDON DIARY

AN advertisement that appears in *Action*, Sir Oswald Mosley's weekly, adds point to Mr. Herbert Morrison's query about the source of Fascist funds.

Fascists Need Fast Cars!

A well-known manufacturer of British fast sports cars is prepared to give to the Election Fund 5 per cent. of purchase price on all cars bought by Fascists. For obvious reasons the name of the manufacturer must remain anonymous.

Now what is the "obvious reason" for the anonymity of this well-known manufacturer of British fast sports cars? Is this a piece of cold business price-cutting or is it the offer of a captain of industry who is ready to subsidise any anti-socialist gamble? Is the 5 per cent. contribution to the election fund coming out of the private pocket of the manufacturer or out of the funds of his company? If the latter, what do the shareholders think of the offer? I can see possible reasons for anonymity here. It would in any case be interesting to know who the manufacturer is.

On the only occasion on which I met General Gömbös I was with Edgar Mowrer when he was then still Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. It was at an elaborate evening function in Budapest, the most elaborate I ever attended, a really *ancien régime* affair with magnificent food and wine and gorgeously uniformed servants and halbardiers with leopard skins and wonderful hangings and bishops in purple and cardinals in scarlet and all the other outward signs of an aristocratic blessedness. Edgar Mowrer promptly tackled him about the state of Hungary. He remarked that in comparing Hungary with other countries we were impressed by the absence of a middle class. Gömbös expressed astonishment. One of his principal problems was the middle class. Discussion with Hungarians on the way home explained the mystery. By the middle-class problem Gömbös meant that almost everyone wanted to find a Civil Service appointment for his son or nephew. We meant a retailing and merchant class, which is very small indeed in Hungary. This misunderstanding explains a great deal. Hungary lives more than any other country in Europe in the eighteenth century. It is ruled by a bureaucracy which is far too large. The peasants are still in a semi-feudal condition and the aristocracy poor but magnificent. Gömbös himself was of peasant stock, a powerful and able political boss. The head of the State is Admiral Horthy, who received us on another occasion like royalty, still wearing, as Regent of a country without a seaboard, the uniform of an Admiral of the old Austrian Navy.

* * *

A number of correspondents, some of them Buchmanites in distress, have written to ask when and where Mr. Frank Buchman made the remarks about Hitler that were quoted in this paper some weeks ago. They were sent from New York by the *News Chronicle's* own correspondent, and were printed conspicuously in that paper on August 27th. Their accuracy has not, I think, been disputed. According to this message Mr. Frank Buchman said on August 26th:

> I thank heaven for a man like Adolph Hitler, who built a first line defence against the Anti-Christ of Communism.

The message proceeded:

> He admits he doesn't condone Hitler's anti-Semitism, but explains it thus:
>
> Suppose Hitler sees a Karl Marx in every Jew. Spain has taught us what godless Communism brings.

Well, well, and there were people who scouted the NEW STATESMAN'S prophecy that Buchmanism would turn out to be allied to the Fascist movement.

* * *

Much of the social reform legislation of the pre-war years was only made possible by the greater statistical knowledge of the existence of poverty compiled by men like Charles Booth and Seebohm Rowntree. Recently Sir John Orr, Dr. M'Gonigle of Stockton and others have prepared the ground for another, and possibly even more vital, series of reforms in the field of public health and nutrition policy. In a word, a large part of the population is in bad health because it is badly fed—a fact which is obvious to anyone who knows any poverty area, but which people won't realise unless they have figures rammed down their necks. A most effective way of doing the ramming is the Nutrition Film just made, rather surprisingly, by the Gas Light and Coke Company. The film is a skilful presentation of the facts now made public by the experts; it shows the experts themselves at work and reveals the methods they have used to discover the relation between health and diet. It gives in pictorial form their conclusions about the essentials of a good diet, and shows what classes of the community are now prevented by their poverty from getting these essentials. It drives home the point that the poor go ill-fed because they are poor and not because they are ignorant, and concludes with a short review of the efforts that have already been made to improve diet. The only omission which causes any surprise is the absence of any hint of a reference to Gas, Light or Coke. The film is, therefore, an innovation in the film world and the advertising world. It resembles the American system of broadcasting; but instead of a symphony concert sponsored by some patent breakfast food manufacturer we are given a study of an urgent social problem by an imaginative public utility undertaking. The film is soon to be shown at the News Theatres. It has been so cleverly put together that the most hidebound reactionary and the most flaming radical will not find much scope for criticism.

* * *

I have been inquiring in Fleet Street about the cost of sack-cloth and ashes. No one seems to know. "But," I said, "you all make fool mistakes sometimes. Don't you ever repent?" "Plenty," they said, "but never in public. It's not considered good for prestige. No one notices, and anyway yesterday's mistakes are not to-day's news." I put this to the Editor. True, I'd suggested that Mr. Morgenthau wanted Mr. Roosevelt's defeat. It was an obvious gaffe. Like arguing that Mr. Neville Chamberlain said something to discredit Mr. Baldwin or that Sir John Simon was really a Liberal. I'd confused Mr. Morgenthau's politics with Mr. Hearst's, when Mr. Morgenthau, who is almost as violent an anti-Bolshevik as Mr. Hearst, was really trying to show that the Roosevelt administration could sit on Bolsheviks as hard as the Republicans. But then, I told the Editor, quoting Fleet Street, not many people would notice over here, and as for Americans they would just think it a silly sort of joke. The Editor would have none of it. He was adamant. He's a terrible fellow when roused. "Critic," he said, fixing me with that hypnotic stare which has long earned him the title of the Napoleon of Great Turnstile, "truth is to this paper what chastity is to a woman. Sack-cloth and ashes for you. And think yourself lucky it's not the sack as well as the cloth."

* * *

There seems to have been a pretty misunderstanding about the Report on Afforestation in the Lake District. Hitherto everybody supposed that it left Eskdale and Dunnerdale, as well as the Vale of Coniston, in danger. But Professor Trevelyan's letter to the *Times* shows that he at least interprets it otherwise. He quotes from the Report the sentence: "These considerations would exclude planting in the actual valleys of the Duddon and Esk." The Report continues: "The Commissioners cannot . . . refrain from planting in this section"; and the question is whether this sentence is intended as a reply to that quoted by Professor Trevelyan, or as referring only to the rest of the section west of Coniston. A difficulty in the way of the latter interpretation is the fact that planting has already started in the Duddon valley and that the frontispiece of the Report is a photo. showing "the planting area" in a very lovely part of Eskdale! The Forestry Commissioners ought to inform the public in which sense they understand the disputed passage. But in any case Professor Trevelyan has shown that when he signed the Report he understood it to exclude planting from both these valleys.

* * *

The scene was a suburban train packed with business men returning from work. As the train approached a station a man in an overcoat sitting in a corner seat got up and started to open the door. While he was struggling with it, one of the other men said: "Other door; the platform is on the other side." The man in the overcoat took no notice and went on pushing at the door. Several of his fellow passengers called out: "Other door." But the man in the overcoat went on pushing violently, frantically. Finally the door gave way and my friend, who told me this story and who was sitting next to him, thought he must be trying to commit suicide, grabbed and pulled him into the carriage. The man in the overcoat turned round and said with dignity: "My coat was caught in the hinge of that door. I was afraid I should not get it open in time to get out at this platform. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Stephen Wright.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The brother, Manuel Garcia, was 101 when he died. When he was born, Nelson was still alive. When he died, Frank Woolley was already playing cricket for Kent.—Letter in the *Observer*.

They have also accounted for three stags in two days, but this was a small matter to Lord Lovat, for at the age of sixteen, when it was decided to reduce the number of hinds on the Beaufort Castle estate, he stalked and killed 182 in nine days.—*Magazine Programme*.

Mosley arrived an hour late. "The Leader alone decides when he shall arrive," a storm-trooper officer told me.—*Daily Herald* report of Fascist disorders.

A Resolution Toward the Honour of The Lord Jehovah Where the word *Lord* Is used for a person It shal Be spelled *Lerd*.—Hoarding in Edgware Road.

Mr. Adamson also referred to the Rhondda Valley mining areas, and said it had often been described as a place in which there was most distress, but the distress there was more of the spirit, due to the continual unemployment. One of its complications was that the Labour Party, in making political capital out of the sufferings of their fellows, had moved the focus of attention from the real problem, which was economic.—*Romford Times*.

The use of a good helmet is a distinct handicap, and as shrapnel has largely lost its vogue, the endurance of troops might well be increased at a tiny cost of head wounds by its abolition.—*Morning Post*.

GERMAN LAW ABROAD

THOUGH there has been considerable discussion among foreign jurists of the effects of National Socialist law within Germany there has been little authoritative information available on what is equally important, the legal validity outside Germany of Nazi law. This problem has now been treated very fully in a paper issued by the Haldane Club, the English organisation of Labour Party lawyers, which is to serve as a basis for discussion at one of the sessions of the International Conference of Lawyers on National Socialist Law which is meeting in London this week-end. Apart from their purely legal interest the main conclusions of this report are important because it is possible that Germans living abroad might be saved some suffering if they were aware of the relief and protection they could get from foreign courts.

Take, for example, the practice of the English courts in relation to marriage of foreigners in England. English law in the first place derives capacity to marry not from nationality but from domicile, so that if German subjects are resident abroad no question could in any case be raised, as some have feared that it might be, of their marriage being prohibited by the Nuremberg laws which forbid the union of Aryan and non-Aryan. If one of the parties is resident in England no incapacity placed on the other in his or her country of domicile can affect the marriage in England. But English law goes even further than this. It will not recognise a racial or religious incapacity of the type imposed by the Nuremberg laws even if both the parties to the marriage are domiciled in Germany and may only have come to England to be married.

The same rule applies in France and Belgium, where it has long been held that such discrimination cannot be enforced since racial equality and religious freedom are fundamental to their constitutions.

Certain countries, however, among them Germany's neighbours, Holland, Luxembourg, Danzig and Poland have adhered to The Hague Marriage Convention of 1902 which provides that capacity to marry shall be governed by the law of the country of the spouse. In accordance with this Convention, Dutch registrars have refused to celebrate marriages which are prohibited under the Nuremberg laws if both parties are German. But this raises the question of whether the Nuremberg ban is based on "religious" or "racial" grounds; for the Hague Convention expressly excludes incapacity imposed for religious reasons. For this reason German jurists have always claimed that the Nuremberg laws were racial and not religious. But it is generally accepted that each State has the right to decide for itself in any given case whether an incapacity imposed by another state is religious or not; and it is surely clear in this case that the racial ban here is in fact a religious ban. Even in the countries which have adopted the Convention, therefore, there may be difficulty in enforcing the Nuremberg laws abroad.

In France and Belgium it is probable that even a marriage celebrated in Germany, but held there to be invalid for racial reasons, would be recognised as valid on the principle that repugnancy to the law of racial discrimination must override even the invalidity of the marriage according to the law of the place of celebration.

English courts further will not necessarily recognise the arrangements made by the National Socialist courts for the custody of children, particularly if it appears that the well-being of the child has been sacrificed for some political or racial motive.

Equally important from the point of view of the German exile is the attitude of foreign courts towards the confiscation of property in Germany.

Broadly speaking no foreign court will treat as valid the confiscation of property at the date of the confiscation outside the power of the confiscatory Government. A second principle, less universally applied but acted upon by the English courts, is that no foreign penal or revenue laws are ever enforced, thus the French government who had suppressed the Carthusian monks in France were unable to use the English courts to recover the trade marks of Chartreuse. In view of the numerous confiscations for evasion of currency regulations and for political reasons this principle is of considerable interest.

One central question raised by this paper still remains. English law presupposes that all foreign courts will act upon the principles of National justice and it enforces their decisions accordingly. Has the time yet come to argue that such is the organisation of the German judiciary and so subservient is it to political pressure that it can be no longer assumed that in any matter its decisions will be guided by natural justice?

BARRISTER

BOLSHEVISM AND THE FAMILY

"The equality of woman, judging by past experience, will be a much greater driving force towards making man monogamous in reality than towards making woman aim at polyandry."—ENGELS.

TO judge by the discussions which the recent Soviet decrees dealing with abortion, divorce, etc., have called forth among certain of our "advanced" circles, the greatest achievement of the Bolshevik Revolution has been the legalisation of abortion. According to them the family is a tie and a hindrance to woman's freedom and development. According to them a woman who subscribes to revolutionary principles must cease to fulfil her biological functions. She is to express her equality with man by adopting his habits of promiscuity, by discarding all discipline and restraint, by insisting on her right to escape the consequences of her freedom.

All one can say is that they have completely misunderstood the Bolshevik Revolution. Their theories and beliefs will find no support among the founders or leaders of the Soviet State. They are apparently unaware that the reason for the legalisation of abortion was not that it was regarded as a revolutionary ideal but that it was a sane way of dealing with a grave evil left

over from a bourgeois society. No serious Soviet doctor approved of it as a principle. They argued that the operation had a harmful effect on the woman.

It cannot be too often emphasised that the destruction of the family is not a Communist tenet. It has always been recognised by the thoughtful leaders of the Soviet Union that the family is the essential unit upon which society must be based. It is true that the family under Bolshevism differs fundamentally from the family under Capitalism. The economic equality of the sexes has eliminated the proprietary attitude of the man to the woman, and with it has gone the proprietary attitude to children. The family is no longer an economic unit. That position is now held by the factory or the collective farm. The family is becoming a social-biological unit. The interests of the family have been widened and the barriers between it and society have disappeared. The family overflows into society and society overflows into the family, and the two make a complete whole on which the new social order will be based.

It is possible that outsiders were led astray by the sex experimentation, the licence, the total abandonment of self-control and discipline that characterised the first years of the Revolution into the belief that this was Communist morals. Let them read the letter Lenin wrote to Clara Zetkin on the subject in 1921. Those who believe in sex irresponsibility may consider him old-fashioned; but they may learn that what to them appears advanced is merely immature. In reality this period of irresponsibility was the result of the breaking down of the old foundations of society while there was yet no time to set up new ones. The leaders were too wise to enforce any moral code at this stage. They realised that the disease must run its course.

Strange as it may perhaps seem, the vast majority of Russian women desire children. And these are not the backward or uneducated women. They are the advanced, the educated, the cultured, and the thoughtful. They are aviators, engineers, ballerinas, actresses, doctors, professors, etc., etc. Time and time again when discussing the subject they have turned to me and said: "But why marry if there are to be no children?" It is because there are still many young women and men who abuse the freedom the country's laws allow them that the new measures relating to abortion, divorce and alimony have been passed. But though the laws are new they are not a sudden reversal of Communist principle. A change in the attitude to sex relations has been discernible for several years. The laws merely give expression—it may be in too extreme a form for the moment—to this change.

With the rapid economic development of the country, with its increased security, a stage has been reached when the demand for an ordered society can justifiably be made. Increasing individual freedom must be followed by an increasing social responsibility. The continued abuse by people of the freedom granted in the first flush of the proletarian victory caused grave concern to responsible leaders. Men entered into marriage very lightly, frequently because it offered them the chance of a room in the city. As lightly they flitted off elsewhere, perhaps when a more attractive room offered itself, caring little that they left the woman with a child. There were young women still so intoxicated with their freedom that they persisted in a refusal to accept the responsibility which freedom inevitably brings with it. As contraceptive methods were far from adequate either in quality or quantity they resorted to abortion. Operations increased, and there was a period when it was not uncommon for a young woman to have five, six, or even more abortions. The consequences of this were serious. I was told by more than one doctor that many of their hospital cases of women are the result of abortions. This may explain the present attitude to abortions. I happened to be in the U.S.S.R. this year when the proposals for the abolition of abortion were first published. I took part in innumerable discussions. The general feeling was that except where the mother's health was threatened, or a disease might be inherited, a first pregnancy should not be interrupted. Beyond that, it was argued that so long as the housing shortage existed, when contraceptive methods failed abortion should be permitted after the second or third child. The Russian women want freedom to have children, and this freedom includes the best possible conditions for nurture. Until these conditions can be obtained those with whom I talked claimed that abortion facilities must be given when necessary. One or two women and men stated that if abortion were made as difficult as it has been made at the present stage there would be a return to illegal practices. I only met one woman who claimed that any woman had the right irrespective of all considerations to refuse to have children entirely.

Much consternation seems to have been caused in this country by the report that Stalin demanded families of ten or even more. As often happens, the situation has been misrepresented. There are in the rural areas of the U.S.S.R. many families of ten children. It was recognised that such families required help, and the proposed bounty of 5,000 roubles for the tenth child was inspired as much by the desire to help existing large families as to encourage future ones. It cannot however be denied that a bounty is at the same time being used as propaganda for larger families on the principle of asking for an ell to obtain an inch. The new tendency in the towns to limit the family to two owing to lack of room has alarmed the authorities. They have an ineradicable belief in the future of humanity, and with Communist logic they argue there can be no future humanity without humans. I doubt whether it is possible in a country with nearly two million unemployed to realise what a scarcity of workers means. There are districts in distant Siberia where it is necessary to build schools, but it is too costly and lengthy a process to transport bricks from the nearest manufacturing centre. In these districts there are excellent clayfields, but the natives are nomads just beginning to settle, engaged in fishing and hunting. They cannot be spared to build the factory to make the bricks even if they knew how. And there are no workers that can be imported from other parts. There are vast unpeopled spaces whose natural resources cannot be exploited for lack of labour, yet the demand for goods is still insatiable. It is this need for workers to help improve the condition of the people that is responsible for Stalin's appeal for larger families.

The bounty finally decided upon is as follows: for a seventh child and up to eleventh 2,000 roubles a year for 5 years, for an eleventh child 5,000 roubles for the first year and 3,000 roubles for the four following years. I met no one who intended qualifying for the 5,000 roubles, nor anyone who seriously considered even the 2,000 roubles. Almost all those with whom I came into contact held that four children were enough. A few went as far as five—but more, "That is to become baby machines, and we have no intention of doing that." The view expressed by everybody was that medical science must now concentrate on producing successful contraceptives and that industry must produce the required quantities.

The positive encouragement to larger families is to be a great increase in maternity homes, crèches, nursery-infant schools, etc. The rapidity, however, with which these are being set up may defeat their object, since it is impossible to staff them adequately in so short a time. In this connection an interesting development was reported to me by a highly placed official. In some districts in the country there are empty beds in the maternity homes and vacant places in the crèches; with the improved living conditions and increase in wages many women insist on having children at home. This same increase in wages is responsible for many women giving up work to look after their babies themselves. The result of this will be a drive to make maternity homes and crèches more attractive. These will not destroy the family any more than private nurses, governesses, and boarding schools have destroyed the family among the well-to-do in this country. Maternity homes, crèches, and nursery-infant schools are a socialised form of what in capitalist countries is an individualist service. They will give to the whole Soviet people that which in our country is only at the disposal of the wealthy.

The slight changes in the divorce regulations are an attempt to curb the irresponsibility of both men and women. The new law demands 50 roubles for a first divorce, 150 for a second and 300 for a third. It does not envisage anything beyond that number. It also demands the presence in the court of both parties. Here again there is no drastic change, but a crystallisation of a slowly changing attitude. These alterations met with wholehearted approval from both men and women. Many expressed the opinion that the cost of a divorce should be increased and many women suggested that there should be a penalty for those women who used marriage and divorce as a means of making an income. While the women were satisfied with the alimony demanded from the husband the men on the whole considered it was too much. In this they were right. The amount fixed for one child is a quarter of the salary and not a third as first proposed; for two children a third, and for three children half, to be deducted at source.

In conclusion, we may be certain that the present laws are not final. They will be changed with the development of the country and the demands of society. Whatever form the laws take they will be based on political, economic, social and scientific facts, and not on outworn creeds, superstition, prejudice, or hate.

BEATRICE KING

IN PRAISE OF ESCAPE

ANYONE who reads contemporary criticism must have noticed an increasing tendency among critics to accuse certain authors of "escape tendency." These critics do not always tell us exactly what the authors tend to escape from, but they leave us with the impression that to escape is a very bad, sometimes even an ignoble thing. This, I think, is a peculiarly modern view. Before the invention of gas, the word "escape" was in most cases used in a good sense. The *Odyssey*, which was written in the dawn of European literature, is one long glorification of escape; and no one has ever thought any the worse of Ulysses for escaping from the cave of Polyphemus and the other dangers of his homeward journey. In English literature, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is from beginning to end a celebration of escape; and, though Christian has been censured for leaving his wife and children behind him when he first set out, no one has suggested that a wiser and better man would have stayed at home in the City of Destruction with his neighbours instead of escaping while there was yet time. The truth is, our hearts go out to Christian from the moment at which he escapes from the Slough of Despond. And what sane child has ever been anything but overjoyed on reading of the escape of Fatima from the vengeance of Bluebeard? Fatima had admittedly a prying nature not to be commended in young wives; but even so it would be only an infant of perverted imagination who would exclaim at the end of the story: "Horrid little creature! I wish Bluebeard had finished her." Nor do we blame Jim Hawkins for his many escapes as we read *Treasure Island*. On the contrary, we tell ourselves that such escapes as his were made possible only by his exceptionally fine and fearless character. And if we turn from literature to life, we shall find that we are equally on the side of the escapers, from David the son of Jesse down to Mr. Winston Churchill. Great are the virtues of escape. Both history and literature would be considerably the poorer without it.

Those who use the word "escape" in a derogatory sense, however, will no doubt regard all this as irrelevant. They will point out that their meaning is obvious—that they object to escape only when it is an escape from reality, from life, its facts and its problems. I see that in an American Dictionary of Psychology, "escape tendency" is defined as "an attitude looking towards flight or avoidance, which an individual may assume with respect to certain situations." That, it seems to me, does not carry us very far. Most of us, for example, will agree that with respect to certain situations, an attitude looking towards flight or avoidance is highly desirable. The wise pedestrian is acutely conscious of an escape tendency in himself as he crosses an arterial road with a procession of fast motor-cars bearing down on him, and it is to our escape tendency that the doctors appeal when they urge us to allow ourselves to be vaccinated against smallpox. Many things—perhaps most things—were meant to be escaped from. Mr. Wells tries to persuade us to escape from Nationalism, the muddle of modern civilisation, and a great number of other things. Freud tries to persuade us to escape from our repressions; Lady Astor tries to persuade us to escape from beer. There is scarcely a reform, right-headed or wrong-headed, that does not appeal to "an attitude looking towards flight or avoidance." We have recently seen the flight from gold, and at the present moment every rational man and woman is praying—or, at least, hoping—that Europe will aim at the avoidance of war.

Why, then, should writers be denied the right to escape, or to desire to escape, which is so lavishly permitted to the rest of the community? I have heard Keats criticised as an escapist poet, but it seems to me that Keats's escape into a world of transcendent beauty was one of the luckiest escapes that have happened in the history of English literature. It was an escape from ordinary life into the realms of his genius, and the results of it still enrich the imaginations of his fellow-men. To call a poem of Keats "escapist" seems to me as fundamentally meaningless as to call a beautiful sunset escapist. The imaginations of a poet are no less a part of the realities of life than the demands of the Income Tax collector, and, though it may be immoral to try to escape from the second, it is to the first that we turn in search of a more profound as well as of a more pleasant experience. Even the dreamiest poet who enables us to escape from the real world enables us also to escape into a finer world which is equally real and sometimes more so. There is no such thing as an unreal world if it is written about in great verse or great prose.

Charles Lamb again has been censured as an "escapist." His sentiment and humour seem to some of his critics to spring from an avoidance of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. He is regarded by them as a man who in his writings deliberately substituted flattering unctions for the blistering mustard-plaster of Truth—whatever Truth may be. Well, Charles Lamb was a man who suffered much and who did not parade his sufferings in print. He escaped from the burden of his miseries into laughter and sentimental memory, and in his essays he has provided thousands of others with a way of escape in miserable hours. I can see no betrayal of integrity in this. To write as Charles Lamb wrote seems to me to be an act of friendship to mankind.

One of the odd things about the critics of "escape" is that almost the only writers they accuse of "escapism" are beautiful or sentimental or cheerful writers—writers of daydreams and fairy-tales in various forms. I have often wondered why this should be so, for it seems to me that many ugly, hard and cheerless writers are equally inspired by the longing for escape. There is such a thing as *nostalgie de la boue*, and many people who are not in the *boue* long to escape back into it. The realistic method of writing, no less than the dreamily fantastic and the sentimental, is the result of "an attitude looking towards flight or avoidance . . . with respect to certain situations." Zola avoided some of the facts of life as assiduously as Dickens avoided others. And, if the writers of realistic books are "escapists," I am convinced that their readers are equally so. Tales of miserable childhood, miserable marriages, and miserable circumstances piled one above the other mountain high, provide a way of escape from ourselves and our circumstances as effectively as any sentimental story with a happy ending. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy hints at this in a note on "the pleasure of disgust" in his book *Experience*. He declares that, if you have been irritated and disgusted by the common miseries of life and read Huysmans, "you will

find that whatever has disgusted you . . . is described with an atrabilious vehemence, an extravagance of acrimonious precision, at once exaggerated and acute, which will bring you a little temporary relief." "To the shivering fastidious," he says later in the paragraph, "it is a keen pleasure to find their complaints stated by one more shivering and more fastidious then themselves—and with such a fury of contempt. I find it myself a refreshing change from the cheery pooh-pooh attitude. The fun of reading Huysmans is the fun of seeing the ugly, dank, flaccid thing, presented not as it is, but as even uglier, greasier, meaner." In other words, one who is tired of pretty falsities can still get "a little temporary relief" (or escape) through ugly falsities.

So that we all seem to be escapists. Some ways of escape are no doubt finer than others, but whatever way we choose—music or mathematics, poetry or ping-pong, politics or the cinema—we are all trying to escape, many of us without even knowing what from or what to. It seems to me to be the function of the critic, as of the moralist, not to belittle "escape" as a bad thing in itself but to discriminate between the finer and the baser forms of it. But, even when this had been done, I should still maintain that not only the finest, but the half-fine and even quarter-fine, ways of escape enrich the life of the ordinary human being. The enjoyment of games, for example, may not be as noble as the enjoyment of Greek tragedy, but it makes more people happy. And there is always a *prima facie* case to be made out for anything that makes people happy without doing other people any harm.

Y. Y.

LEST WE FORGET

"I wonder whether, for the League's sake and our own, we ought not to give formal notice now that we propose to leave it."—A. P. Herbert, *Standard*, October 5th.

"We submit ourselves whole-heartedly, nay gladly, to the Covenant of the League of Nations."—Winston Churchill, September 24th.

WAYS of our fathers, known of yore,
Who bagged the earth by right divine,
And beaconed lesser breeds before
The League arose, to our design—
Self-interest plus self-righteousness
No longer seems a great success.

The Island Race, the Nelson touch,
The word-more-binding-than-the-bond
Do not appear to count for much;
The lesser breeds do not respond,
And none our services engage
In tasks of honest brokerage.

The lesser breeds, not in our care,
Who hailed the League with hope renewed
Imply that we their evils bear
With far too noble fortitude,
And nothing at Geneva's heard
But Eden breaking Baldwin's word.

Now, while we still equivocate,
And neither lead nor leave alone,
Should we not quit the doomed debate
Lest the League's cause become our own?
And with our Fascist friends depart
Lest we might make a fairer start?

Lest we reverse the rôle antique
We inauspiciously prolong
Of always pleading with the weak
While always siding with the strong . . .
Lest we forget, lest we forget,
And make good Europeans yet?

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

SIR,—You, and several of your correspondents, have made the following predictions of what may be expected to follow a triumph for the insurgents:

1. The insurgents are not supported by the majority of Spaniards. They will therefore only be able to maintain their rule by terrorism on a large scale.

2. France will have a third Fascist frontier, which will require an appreciable number of men to defend it. This will greatly weaken her defensive position on the Rhine.

3. A civil war may follow in France.

I grant you (1) as unfortunately true, but I maintain that (2) is inconsistent with it. If the insurgents have to subdue the great mass of workers, and also to keep their various factions united, they will hardly be able to attack France, or threaten our communications in the Mediterranean.

It seems much more likely that Spain may drift into the pathetic position of Austria, a minority Government having to lean on a foreign power for support.

Possibility (3) may also be largely discounted. The French Fascists, if they felt strong enough to strike, would surely have done so before, not after, the dissolution of the Croix de Feu.

To sum up, it seems that the results of an insurgent triumph, while probably ghastly to a degree, will not have serious repercussions outside Spain.

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY

King's College, Cambridge.

THESE PRECIOUS JUSTICES

SIR,—In my youth I knew a solicitor who was prone to exaggeration; this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION suggests that he must have left a successor, a man who has had a date with Alice in Wonderland.

If one provincial bench dealt with seventy-five motoring offences in an hour and another with two hundred in a day, many of us who frequently spend an hour or more on a single case in an honest effort to deal justly with it would be deeply interested to visit the Court of these supermen. Every defendant must be called, evidence for the prosecution must be given and the defendant has right to cross-examine and reply. As "these are typical instances" "Solicitor" might give names and dates and enrich a statement that must else remain as unconvincing as it is bald.

Where, too, are these petty sessional courts that meet so often to multiply penalties for offences presumably identical? Where are the part-time magistrates' clerks in the provinces who take "Solicitor" into their confidence? Have they been impressed by his sound judgment and lack of bias? "Solicitor" should know the value of unsupported statements to which he will not set his name.

His long experience in summary courts must be singularly limited if he has never heard a bench remind a witness for the prosecution of the penalties of perjury. I have heard such reminders again and again; if "Solicitor" made in court and on oath the statements he has made in writing, that reminder would probably be prompt.

Flatly I contradict the assertion that injustice is "taken as a matter of course by the working classes." I have sat on three Benches on all of which the Tory gamekeeper has been strongly represented and have never seen a man penalised because he was of the working class. Various statutes deal harshly with the poor, but no Bench however distinguished makes our laws; it does but administer them.

"Solicitor" should not hide his light under a bushel when he sets out to vilify the men before whom in the course of his business he endeavours from time to time to make the worse appear the better cause. Anonymity adds nothing to his credit or his credibility. If the Petty Sessions have known Robert Shallow, Esq., the law has known Mr. Sampson Brass, Gentleman by Act of Parliament.

S. L. BENSUSAN

Godfreys, Langham,
Colchester.

SIR,—What does Solicitor suggest as a remedy? Stipendiaries? If so, has he considered the implications? A Stipendiary sits alone, and what he says goes. He may be, and sometimes is, prejudiced in this direction or that. That may be very bad

indeed for the defendant who is unlucky enough to come within the orbit of the prejudice.

Lay Magistrates do not sit alone. The usual Bench is, in fact, a jury in miniature, and there is always the chance that at least one member will be sufficiently clear-minded, and possessed of enough strength of character, to insist that the case before them receives due consideration. That fact, that the lay Magistrates when at work are multiple, should not be lost sight of, particularly to-day when the tendency seems to be to put power more and more into the hands of single individuals.

Where Solicitor gets really home is in what he suggests about the Magistrates' Clerk. Nobody, in active practice as a solicitor, should serve as Clerk. As matters stand, a practising solicitor may, and actually does, serve as Clerk to the Magistrates in one Court, act as police prosecuting solicitor in several neighbouring Courts, appear as private advocate in any Court except that to which he is Clerk, advise on licensing questions anywhere. That calls urgently for reform.

Some of us are elderly; some of us, perhaps not fully realising our infirmities, go on sitting when our usefulness is no longer apparent; but many of us have a great deal to offer, based upon intimate knowledge of local conditions, local customs, prejudices, personalities.

The reforms, undoubtedly called for, need not be drastic—simply care in the selection of lay Justices (the choice to depend on merit rather than on political colour or desire to reward past services), and the setting up of a centrally paid, centrally controlled, whole-time Magistrates' Clerk Service. J.P.

AMERICA AND JAPAN

SIR,—Having taken your advice and read Colonel Stimson's book on the Far Eastern crisis, I am surprised that you suggested my doing so.

The book shows clearly, what I have maintained, that the American Government were never prepared to take any action against Japan beyond the presentation of notes and the reading of homilies. In these circumstances no good could conceivably have been done by Sir John Simon subscribing to Colonel Stimson's Note of January 7th, 1932.

The only "great opportunity" lost by Sir John Simon was that of making a difficult situation more dangerous.

The Weir House, F. O. LINDLEY
Alresford, Hants.

[Sir Francis' reading of Colonel Stimson's *Far Eastern Crisis* is different from ours. Mr. Stimson believes, as we believed, that a joint protest from England and the United States would have been effective, and he expresses deep regret that the British Government did not co-operate in a diplomatic approach and so snubbed the United States and encouraged Japan in the belief that Great Britain was favourably disposed to her advance into Chinese territory. How far the United States would have been prepared to go if Japan had not moderated her advance as a result of the joint censure of the United States and Great Britain neither we nor Sir Francis Lindley can tell. But it is significant that Colonel Stimson should say that the burning of Chapei roused feelings in the United States similar to those stirred by the news of the violation of Belgian neutrality.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE PALESTINE MANDATE

SIR,—In his letter in your issue of September 26th Mr. Israel Cohen attempts to determine the meaning of the MacMahon promise to the Arabs by citing the authority of interested parties, the British Government, Feisal and MacMahon, after the Balfour Declaration had altered the requirements of policy. It was puzzling to find you in your footnote to Mr. Cohen's letter complying with this method of investigation. If the question of interpretation can be decided by authorities at all, then surely it is one for impartial legal authorities to decide. But I should have thought the question could be settled by anyone for himself by looking at the relevant passage and asking, how would any ordinary person at the time of the promise understand those words? Perhaps you will allow me to quote the crucial sentence itself. This is the sentence in the letter of Sir Henry MacMahon to King Hussein (dated October 24th, 1915), which runs:

> . . . the portions of Syria lying to the west of the districts of Damascus, Hama, Homs, and Aleppo cannot be said to be purely Arab, and should be excluded from the proposed limits and boundaries [of the Arab kingdom].

In view of the fact that Damascus is the southernmost point mentioned here, and in view of the obvious reference to the people of Lebanon and Northern Syria in the description "not purely Arab," I do not see that there is any room for doubt that Palestine is not indicated as a part of the excluded area. If further proof is required, it may be found in the reference elsewhere in the letter to the interests of France as providing the reason for the excluded area—another plain reference to Lebanon, not Palestine, where France made no claims. Let it be added that the mention by Hussein, in an earlier letter, of the Mediterranean as one of his "proposed limits and boundaries" was not disputed by Sir Henry MacMahon, thus leaving it to be understood that the Arab kingdom was to touch the sea at some point. This it would not do if Palestine as well as Northern Syria were excluded from it.

It is not surprising, then, that the Arabs interpret the MacMahon correspondence as promising them Palestine. No other interpretation is open to any impartial person, for not all the power and intellect of the British Government and the Zionist movement can alter the plain meaning of the words.

If there is any dubious document it is the Balfour Declaration. Leaving aside the priority of the MacMahon correspondence, I need only quote Article 22 para. 4 of the Covenant, which states:

> Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognised subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone.

The policy of the Balfour Declaration setting up a Jewish National Home is inconsistent with the independence of the Arabs in Palestine, as envisaged in the above Article, since if they had any independence they would reverse that policy. Therefore, the Balfour Declaration is rendered invalid, according to the ruling of Article 20: ". . . this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations . . . inconsistent with the terms thereof. . ." It was for this reason that Sir Thomas Haycraft, ex-Chief Justice for Palestine, in his report on the disturbances of 1921, said: "The Balfour Declaration is a political but not a legal document."

22 Pine Road, G. F. HOURANI
Didsbury, Manchester.

"OSCAR WILDE"

SIR,—In Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's generous review of our play *Oscar Wilde*, which appeared in your last issue, he quite rightly pointed out that Mr. Wilde could not have returned to his house in Tite Street after his release from prison, since the house had been sold some time previously. The authors were aware of this fact, but in order to save a change of scene purposely overlooked it. Mr. MacCarthy need not, however, doubt the authenticity of Mr. Wilde's being refused admittance to a Catholic monastery. It is an actual fact that on the morning of his release he was met by friends at an address in Bloomsbury, where events took place much as they are recorded in the play. Mr. Wilde went to France some hours later, but only after he had been refused admittance "for a retreat."

53 Holland Park, LESLIE AND SEWELL STOKES
W.11.

WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS

SIR,—On October 30th the British Youth Peace Assembly, the co-ordinating body for all the youth organisations in this country, political, religious and social, which are collaborating in working for peace, is holding a National Conference in Birmingham. The objects of this meeting will be to follow up the results of the World Youth Congress held in Geneva last month, and to discuss the organisation of the Youth Peace Campaign of 1937.

The World Youth Congress, the first of its kind to be held, was an outstanding success. Seven hundred young men and women came to Geneva representing thirty-six nations, including China, America, the U.S.S.R., India, Australia, Central Europe, the Balkans and the Baltic States. The Spanish delegation came straight from the front where they had been fighting for the Government. It was significant that Germany and Italy alone refused to send official delegations, though their co-operation was cordially invited before and during the Congress. The delegates worked in four commissions which discussed and drew up reports on the League and future reform, collective security, economic nationalism, juvenile unemployment and colonies and the moral,

religious and philosophical bases of peace. On all these questions a striking unanimity was reached.

In this country the British Youth Peace Assembly is responsible for continuing the work of the Congress. A national campaign to win the youth of this country for peace will be launched in 1937 and will centre round the second National Youth Peace Day. The conference at Birmingham is to decide upon a minimum policy for youth and to work out details of the campaign. It is the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the peace movement in this country and its success or failure will depend largely on the attitude and sympathy of intelligent public opinion. It is an opportunity for every individual sincerely interested in peace to contribute something towards the organisation of peaceful forces by giving the conference and the future campaign their whole-hearted support and the greatest possible publicity.

ANN SITWELL,
Press Secretary, British Youth Peace Assembly.

WALLS HAVE MOUTHS

SIR,—In his criticism of *Walls Have Mouths*, Mr. Beevers, who I suspect and hope has never seen the inside of a gaol, assumes, like most others equally innocent, that our prisons are now no better than the convict hulks of the eighteenth century. I have had the opportunity, however, of seeing a good deal of prison life, and with the exception of Mr. Beevers' remarks concerning homosexuality (an unpleasant but unavoidable outcome where the sexes are segregated for long periods) there seems to be but little in the facts to support his theories.

There are, it is true, a great many pettifogging restrictions which seem to serve no better purpose than to irritate the convict, such as the deprivation of writing materials, compulsory church services and so on. But there is, on the other hand, the greater danger that excessive "reform" may eventually leave nothing either deterrent or disagreeable in prison life. And surely none but the most Gilbertian zealot will argue that a person convicted by society as unfit to remain one of themselves should nevertheless be treated as such? As it is, newspapers, concerts, radio, flowers (and in some prisons tobacco and "wages") make life for the average convict little rougher than that to which he is accustomed outside. Admittedly, the food is unsavoury and monotonous; but it is to be doubted if this is less nutritious than the daily fare of the working-class community from which the majority of prisoners proceed.

It seems hardly fair, therefore, that the penal system should be thus condemned on the biased and embittered views of an ex-convict who, perhaps not unnaturally, regards himself as the "victim" of that regime. The task of the prison governor is a difficult and far from envious one, which in the majority of cases is carried out with scrupulous honesty and fairness. But it does not help him in the administration of that duty if ignorant and ill-informed criticism arouses public hostility towards his task.

17 Collingham Road, S.W.5. NICOLAS BENTLEY

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—Now that the unseemly brawl has subsided, may I say a little about English hotels? I was served, in a south coast hotel, with a queer mess that consisted of a thick red gravy and some chicken skin—nothing more—and soapy potatoes, almost cold. I saw the *chef de cuisine*, and he told me I was a liar. This, Sir, is solemn truth . . . but then, you see, it was staff food.

I do not think your plutocratic correspondents, when they complain about food, realise that there are much more important people than the visitors who have reason for complaint—those who work for their food; surely a sounder payment than money!

And, by God! they do work. It is no rare thing for a still-room man to be employed for 74 hours a week for 30*s*., with frequent overtime but no extra pay—and remember that a still-room man gets no tips. Please to remember that next time you complain about your coffee.

Staff sanitary arrangements are usually stinking.

I knew one workshop where there was no heating other than a smoky oil lamp, and a large piece of tarpaulin was slung beneath the roof as protection from rain—the tarpaulin was only waterproof by virtue of the accumulated dirt. The staff who worked in this shed were seldom free from colds.

Shaw tells us that the worst parasites are those who are parasites on parasites. He is right. Hotel workers, the T. and G.W.U. will tell you, are the most difficult to organise. Spying and tale-telling are common and encouraged, and the staff are solidly Conservative, both because they are parasites and because they are afraid of losing their jobs. I am not exaggerating; I was, myself, quite bluntly threatened with dismissal if I did not cease to be a Socialist. I am not quite sure whether such a means of persuasion is more a reflection on the mentality of the eminent hotelier, or on the mentality of the staff that allows such intimidation.

Just to cheer up the eaters of hotel food, perhaps it would be well to mention that the incidence of phthisis, cirrhosis of the liver and venereal diseases among waiters is high.

HOTEL WORKER

EMILY BRONTË

SIR,—There is dignity in any honest opinion; and it is possible that after reading every word of my book, *The Life and Eager Death of Emily Brontë*, Mr. David Garnett would dislike it. But it seems to me but the commonest courtesy between authors, but rudimental justice, that before expressing an opinion about a book, in print, one should read that book—not merely dip into it, as he admits he did with mine, before thumbing it down in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for September 5th. That courtesy I would not have refused any book by Mr. David Garnett.

About his specific "irritations":

Of course, I am not ignorant that poetry and opium-taking are sometimes linked together, as in Branwell's case. Good and bad are often linked together, but are nevertheless contradictions. Many people might express it otherwise, but for me opium-taking is essentially a submitting to illusion and poetry-writing (not its caricature) essentially a seeking after truth; and those are opposites.

Mr. Garnett was "annoyed" because I "assumed that Mrs. Brontë must have felt having as many as four children to be a disaster" and because I described "the familiar habit of taking afternoon tea as 'orgies of tea-drinking.'" No, no, Mr. Garnett. I believe Mrs. Brontë, in frail health, found it difficult to have four—indeed, six—children in such close succession. Then, Miss Elizabeth Firth's diary, our only source for the Thornton period, is practically all given over to references to tea-drinking, as if nothing else ever happened or was worth recording—which manifest disproportion struck me as humorous.

As for the notation at the top of one of Emily's poems which I deciphered as "Louis Parensell," but which some others (whom Mr. Garnett quotes, for he did not read that far) now say is "Love's Farewell," it is grossly untrue that my book was written because of it, or around it, or even emphasises it. The facts are these:

Last winter my book was actually being set up by the printer when I stumbled on Emily's little red notebook and began, with difficulty, to study it under a microscope. I was pleased—as who would not be?—to find many hitherto unknown dates and three (or two and seven-ninths) unpublished poems, one of which is especially fine and characteristic. But I was not glad to see "Louis Parensell" and expressed myself rather bitterly at the time, for it meant making peculiarly difficult interpolations—major ones in the Preface and Chapter XXI and minor ones four times thereafter—and a long delay in publication. Hence I was not impressed when certain writers, working from a reproduction and not the original, displayed such dreadful glee at—as they supposed—catching me off base, catching me out. Granted, for the sake of argument, that by a trick of the eye I first saw "Louis" and so unconsciously expected a surname to follow, there was no possible reason for my having a predisposition to see "Parensell" instead of, say, "Farensell," or "Parewell," or even the suggested "Farewell." I arrived at my conclusion only after a long comparative study of the original manuscript, and could alter it only after another long scrutiny; which at present is impossible, for I am, and have been for four months, in Switzerland. But—and this is the point—if Louis Parensell were thrown out of the book it would affect the body of the book not at all. What I interpolated was not a part of my original conception and is not now a part of the main structure. The only result of taking him out would be to strengthen my first theory as to the nature of Emily Brontë's affections.

As against this strengthening, what would be the worst that could be said of me, in justice, in this connection? That I am a member of the fallible human race; that, never having deciphered minute and obscure calligraphy before, I am a bad decipherer.

But the fine Brontë scholar, Clement Shorter, made many mistakes in deciphering Brontë manuscripts (for instance, took "Gomorrah" for "Zamornah"); to be corrected by C. W. Hatfield. Now if I, having corrected some other people's errors, were myself in turn corrected, I could bear it.

For my real task was to collate the many uncollated facts of Emily Brontë's life. VIRGINIA MOORE

A SOCIALIST SCHOOL

SIR,—A group of Socialist teachers in London have been actively discussing the problems of present-day education and in view of the rapidly developing changes within society they have come more and more to the conclusion that there is a growing need not only for the type of progressive school which now exists in many parts of the country, but for one run on more definitely and consciously socialistic principles. Individualism cannot and should not be an end in itself; ultimately the most perfect form of society is that in which each individual can attain to the fullest and most complete development of his or her own personality *within* the framework of the community life. The adjustment of each individuality to the community and *vice versa* is the work of the educationalist in the broadest sense of the word. If our children are to grow up with the ideas and ideals in which socialists believe and which alone will carry humanity forward, it is essential for them to develop within a community which is based on and puts into effect the principle of equality of opportunity, co-operation and shared social responsibility.

We believe that there is both a need for a school run on these lines and a growing desire for one. We believe that the ideas of "impartiality" and "absence of bias" in teaching are dangerous illusions and we propose frankly that our teaching be based on socialistic principles, and that parents, staff and children should co-operate. We believe that with such a basis and plan problems of discipline and learning which figure so largely in many progressive schools would be solved in a perfectly rational manner.

We think it should be possible to launch at least a small junior day school of this kind in London, if all interested parents and educationalists came together and co-operated in ways and means; would all who are interested in the suggestion, therefore, please communicate with me at this address? If we receive sufficient response we will call a meeting of all those interested as soon as possible. BEATRIX TUDOR HART

52 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. (on behalf of the group)

THE FUR CRUSADE

SIR,—Most women never give a thought as to how their furs have been obtained.

It is now seven years since I started this campaign which has now spread all over the world. Last year I sent out 150,000 leaflets explaining some of the greater cruelties caused by wearing furs; and these leaflets contain a White List naming those furs which may be worn with a clear conscience. I hope that readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will write to me for copies to give to their friends, and also for information about humane trapping. The leaflets will be sent free of charge; but funds are urgently needed to carry on this much needed work.

The Fur Crusade, C. VAN DER BYL

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants. (Major)

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHARINE

SIR,—I am collecting material for a new history of the Royal Hospital of St. Katharine by the Tower of London which was founded in 1148 and demolished in 1825.

I shall be most grateful for leave to ask if any of your readers can supply me with information about documents or books, other than those in well-known public collections, referring to this ancient Foundation during any period of its existence.

The treasures of the church and the muniments were transferred to new buildings erected in Regent's Park, but it is possible there may be in existence in private hands other remains of the Hospital and Precinct. I am particularly anxious to see a copy of William Bissett's pamphlet entitled *A Fair Warning*, etc., 1710; and of Paulin, Son and Hearne's Sale Catalogue of materials from the church and houses, December 13th, 1825. Information would also be welcome about any carvings, furniture, house-fittings, etc., which are known to have belonged to the Hospital or houses in the Precinct.

The Royal College of St. Katharine, HAROLD WALLER

Brunswick Road, Poplar, E.14.

PRESS SENSATIONS

SIR,—The most remarkable press sensations I have seen lately are a Sunday paper's headline describing an ordinary business sale of sterling (which was actually to the advantage of Britain) as an attack on the savings of the British worker, and the Stop Press news, entirely unconfirmed, in last week's *Sunday Dispatch* that a mounted policeman had been "reported shot in Aldgate."

A.B.

Miscellany

ALIVE BUT GREAT

As the boosts grow ever more extravagant which tell us of a new genius each week with our Sunday sausage, as critics without standards write ever more sensationally about works without value for a public without taste, the fastidious minority becomes increasingly cantankerous about the age in which we live. Hideous buildings rise where we have been used to pleasant meadows or Georgian graces: loud-speakers vomit a sickly stream of music called by a delusive euphemism "light classical"—which means feeble music written by composers with strong reputations: shop-windows jab at our eyes with "modernistic" carpets and furniture, beside which even late Victorian objects would look sane and unpretentious—what wonder if the old look longingly to an aristocratic past, the young to a communist future, and both parties agree in abominating the present? In all probability we are right in supposing that there is no one now making verses as good as Milton's or Pope's, novels as good as Miss Austen's or Balzac's, music as good as Mozart's or Beethoven's, buildings as good as Michelangelo's or Wren's. But even in the past artists of such calibre have been very rare, and I am not sure that without the distance which lends enchantment to the view we should be able to appreciate the full stature of a Milton, a Balzac, a Mozart or a Wren, if such a portent were to appear among us.

Some such reflections as these passed through my mind as I walked away from an exhibition of works by three living painters. Last week, in the company of Mr. Clive Bell, I was comparing the French painters of the nineteenth century with the Italians of the fifteenth. The Impressionists have become old masters, and it is safe to sing the praises of the dead. But if I suggest that there are still as good painters in Paris as ever came out of it—or, for that matter, out of Florence, I fear I may be thought very shocking, very credulous, or very paradoxical. I do, however, make this suggestion, and there is an exhibition of works by the painters I mean to be seen now in Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's elegant new gallery at 31 Bruton Street.

Picasso, Matisse, Braque—these are the three who seem to me so rare, so eminent, that if they had lived in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, their names would now be by consent among the very great. Of these Picasso I believe to be the most extraordinary; and also, unfortunately, the least easy of approach. He is the most audacious, and the most various. His methods of expression are so different from one another that it is difficult to define the temperament behind them. But not to recognise it. Whether he is giving a nude in a few long lovely pen-lines (no man has ever drawn more beautifully), or churning up riotous colours in a sort of organised eruption, the result is evident Picasso. He is one of the most imaginative of all painters, yet his inventive energy never outruns his executive abilities. He inspires an almost terrified admiration, as for some mighty force of Nature, a Vesuvius, a Michelangelo, or a Niagara. If these words seem strong, there are seven paintings in this Exhibition which to my mind bear them out.

Passing to the Matisses, we find ourselves in easier country—that is to say in France. Here is no *terribilità*, but the

discretion, the charm, the wit, the consummate taste, which we know in the French artists of the past. Matisse is sometimes spoken of as the spontaneous painter, in contrast to Piccasso, the intellectual. If any it would be truer to reverse this judgment. These fresh gay paintings which appear to be the rapid results of a pleasurable impulse, are in fact deeply considered. If they flow so easily, it is because every obstacle has been carefully removed by an artist as nice and as industrious as a Racine or a Pope. Matisse is one of the most inventive colourists in the history of painting. Usually his pictures are based on a pair (or two pairs) of closely related colours, which would form an evident discord if they were not resolved by a third. A picture called *Citrons* in this show is one of the most beautifully painted Matisses I have ever seen, the *Deux Femmes Sur une Terrasse* one of the best composed, and the *Nu assis au Tapis Espagnol* one of the most generally exquisite.

Braque is a much more limited artist. His pictures almost always represent the same subjects, fruit and jugs and knives and glasses and tablecloths, occasionally a nude or a boat by a cliff. And the colours are equally limited, browns, greys, greens, blacks, and occasionally a red. "Mon verre est petit, mais je bois dans mon verre." The obvious comparison is to Chardin, but Braque is graver. It may be a merely private association in my mind, but the sober harmonies in his pictures somehow remind me of an *adagio* from a late Beethoven quartet. They are nearer to music than any other paintings that I know; and refinement could go no further. The Braques in this exhibition are remarkably distinguished examples.

"This is all very well," somebody may complain, "these pictures may conceivably be as good as you say, but I have been to look, and I can make very little of them." The assumption behind such a complaint is, of course, that the speaker has no difficulty in making something of Raphael and Rubens and Poussin. For my part I fancy that Raphael and Rubens and Poussin demand almost as much from the observer as these moderns do. But you have made yourself familiar with them by taking more than a look. Or else, perhaps, you have been hypnotised by their prestige, and believe that you care for their pictures, when you have really been impressed by the traditional and deserved veneration in which they are held. In any case it is almost impossibly difficult to place oneself as it were outside time, to read Yeats and Donne, to look at Michelangelo and Picasso, with the same open, unprepossessed and candid eyes. If the vulgar ignore the past, the cultivated are in danger of being blinded by it to the present.

The taste of our time may be generally depraved, though the level of culture is in some ways higher than it was thirty years ago. We may have no poets or composers or architects of overwhelming stature. But I wish to put forward, as a not unreasonable hypothesis, the view that in Braque, in Matisse, and above all in Picasso, we have living painters who can take their place with the most glorious of the dead.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HOMAGE TO ZOLA

WHEN we think of Zola we find ourselves at a loss before his work. He is too close for us to judge him clearly, I mean as to his intentions. He speaks to us of things with which we are familiar. . . . It would be very pleasant for us if they had altered a little.

Let me be allowed a small personal reminiscence. At the time of the Exhibition of 1900 we were still extremely young—yet we have ever since remembered very vividly how terrifyingly brutal a thing it was. Feet trampled everywhere, and the clouds of dust were so thick you could touch them. Endless streams of people milled, pressed, crushed the Exhibition to pieces, and there was that automatic pavement grinding its way to a Palace of Industry crammed for the first time with colossal rumbling giants of tortured metal, looming disasters. Modern life was being born. And the thing has never since been better done. Nor has *L'Assommoir* been improved upon, either. That is where everything has remained, with only slight variations. . . . Is it that Zola did his job too well for his successors to supersede him? Perhaps that's it.

To-day, given our modern means of annotation, the naturalism of a Zola is out of the question. You would spend your days in gaol if you were to depict life as you know it, your own life for a start. I mean life as we have understood it in the last twenty years or so. A certain heroism was required, even in Zola's time, to show the men of his day a few bright pictures of what reality was like. To-day's reality would be strictly *verboten*. So we turn to our symbols and make shift with all those dreams and sublimations that are beyond the reach of the law—as yet. After all, it is in dreams and metaphor that nine-tenths of our lives are spent. And they'll be tracked down, too, one of these days. That's another dictatorship which we've got coming to us.

Man's position in the midst of his jumble of laws, habits, desires, checked impulses, choked instincts, has become so hazardous, artificial, arbitrary, tragic—and at the same time so grotesque—that never was literature so easy to invent as at the present time, nor so difficult to stomach. We are hemmed about by whole groups of brutish epizootics, whom the least shock plunges into endless murderous convulsions. Here we are, after twenty centuries of intensive civilisation, and yet no regime could stand up for two months against the truth. I refer to any Marxist organisation of society as much as to our various bourgeois and fascist forms.

Mankind cannot in fact subsist under any of these entirely anthropoid systems—all of them masochistic—without the imposition of a lasting and more and more ponderous, repetitive and frenzied lie, a "totalitarian" lie, as they call it. Freed from restraint, these social formulae would dissolve in anarchy. Hitler is not the last word; we shall see an even greater epilepsy yet—possibly here in France. Naturalism becomes political under such conditions and is overwhelmed.

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In our day, the bawlings of dictators reverberate in all directions, an accompaniment to innumerable hungry hallucinations, the monotony of daily tasks, drink, the inhibitions of the masses, all of it clotting in a vast, cruel and self-pitying narcissism, the outcome of experiments, precedents and good intentions. One hears much talk of youth—but the ailment is far deeper than youth could cure. I can discern nothing in the way of youth beyond a mobilisation of whetted, sporting, spectacular appetites—nothing new. The young, at least so far as ideas are concerned, drag along in the wake of a noisy, homicidal, militaristic view of life. To be fair, we should add at this point that youth, in the romantic sense we still give to that word, no longer exists. From the age of ten upwards a man's destiny appears to be pretty well set, in its emotional machinery at any rate; after that we exist only in terms of insipid commonplaces which become less and less sincere, more and more theatrical. Do civilisations perhaps suffer the same fate? Ours seems to be rooted in a hopelessly belligerent frame of mind. We no longer live except within an essentially destructive scheme. When we observe what rancid prejudices, what jejune absurdities, serve to nourish these millions of stark fanatics who are the product of so-called evolution, of education at the best schools in Europe, surely we have a right to ask ourselves whether man's desire for death does not now altogether dominate his vital instinct of preservation. The concept of nationality—German, French, Chinese, Walloon, with or without dictatorships—has become a mere pretext to play at death.

Oh, I realise that it can all be explained as a harmful reflex either of capitalism on the defensive or of extreme poverty. But things are not so simple, nor so easily explained. Neither complete misery nor police pressure can account for these concerted stampedes of whole nations *en masse* towards extreme, aggressive, ecstatic nationalism. One can, of course, interpret things in that way for the benefit of the faithful, the already convinced—exactly the same lot who were told not so long ago that the triumph of Communism was imminent and inevitable in Germany. But a love of war and massacre could not primarily originate in the will to power and profit of the ruling classes. Everything there was to say on that score has been disclosed already, without upsetting anybody. Our wholesale sadism to-day derives, before all else, from a love of annihilation deeply implanted in man's nature and particularly in the nature of communities of men, a kind of amorous impatience, a well-nigh irresistible and unanimous longing for death. It is a coy and concealed impatience, no doubt; but there none the less, and all the more powerful because so exquisitely silent and secret.

And now Governments have adopted the dangerous habits of their sinister peoples; they are perfectly suited one to another. Dreading any change in popular psychology, they only want the puppet, the hired assassin, and the ready-made victim. Conservatives, Radicals, Marxists, Fascists agree on only one point: bayonets! No more, no less. They wouldn't really know what to do with genuinely peace-loving citizens.

If our rulers have reached this tacit working agreement, it may be that, after all, man's libido has crystallised definitely into a suicidal shape.

An animal can be got to do anything by gentleness and reason, whereas waves of mob-enthusiasm, the recurrent long-drawn-out paroxysms of crowds, are always provoked, encouraged and prolonged by stupidity and violence. When Zola wrote, he did not have to consider social problems such as these—or in any case not in their present despotic form. Trust in science, then an entirely new thing, provided writers of his time with a certain social faith, an optimistic set of values. Zola believed in goodness; he thought to startle the delinquent—not to make him desperate. We know to-day that the victim always clamours for martyrdom—for more and more of it. If we are to avoid futility, have we still the right to introduce into our novels any form of Providence whatsoever? A very tough faith indeed would be needed for that. Everything becomes increasingly tragic and irremediable as one scrutinises man's destiny more deeply, as one ceases to imagine it but takes to living it as it really is. . . . You discover what's there. . . . And you would like to avoid admitting it. If our music inclines towards melancholy, it has its own good reasons. Words nowadays, like our music, travel further than they did in Zola's time. We work more with our sensibility, less on analysis. Our words seek out our instincts and brush them sometimes; but we have learned that there, and there for good, our powers touch their limit.

Our own Coupeau in these days does not drink quite as much as Zola's did. He has had some modicum of education. . . . But he raves a good deal more. His raving takes the form of an airy little office and thirteen telephones. He orders everyone about. Women don't interest him much. He is plucky, too. And has masses of medals.

In the game men play, the instinct of death, of silence, holds a good position—perhaps by the side of egoism. Its place is that of zero in roulette. The bank wins every time. So does Death. The law of averages is on his side. It's a law that is never broken. Everything we undertake, one way or another, very soon comes up against it and turns to hate, disaster, or absurdity. You would need tremendous courage to speak of other things than death in such a time, on earth, at sea, in the air, at the present, in the future—it's all that matters. I am aware that you can still go and dance ring-a-ring-o'-roses in the cemetery or plight lovers' troths at the slaughterhouse: there is always hope for the comic writer. But it is only a second-best.

When we become entirely moral, in the sense which our civilisation imputes to the word, requires, and will soon exact, I believe we shall end by blowing ourselves to bits, out of sheer naughtiness. Only the impulse to destroy will have been left to us for our amusement. It is fostered at school and kept going throughout what is still called life. Nine variants of crime, one type of boredom. We shall perish *en bloc*, and feel

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actually pleased about it, in a world which it will have taken us twenty centuries to clutter with constraints.

So that this is perhaps the time to do honour to the name of Emile Zola, on the eve of a gigantic, of yet another, defeat. It is no longer a question of imitating him or of following in his footsteps. Obviously we have not to-day the talent or the strength or the faith that produces great changes of soul. Would he, for his part, be capable of judging us? We have learned several very odd things about the soul since he left us. The road man treads is a one-way street: and death owns all the cafés.

Zola's writings strike us as similar in certain respects to Pasteur's—which are still so solid, so alive on two or three essential points. In both these writers we find the same meticulous creative technique, the same careful honesty in experiment and, above all, the same remarkable gift for demonstrating truth; in Zola's case an epic gift. All that would be more than our age could stand. A great deal of Liberalism was needed to put up with the Dreyfus affair. We have left that largely theoretical epoch far behind.

Certain traditions demand that I wind up these few remarks on a pleasantly optimistic note. . . . What then may we expect from "naturalism" at the present time? Everything, nothing. Most likely nothing, for spiritual conflicts weigh too heavily on the masses in our day to be borne much longer. Doubt is tending to disappear from this world. It is being killed off along with those who still have one or two doubts left. Safety first.

"When anyone even mentions the word *esprit* in my hearing, I spit!" A dictator recently said that, and was acclaimed, what is more, for saying it. One wonders how this subgorilla would react if they were to breathe the word "naturalism" at him?

Since Zola's day not only have man's enshrouding nightmares come out into the open, but they have been given official status. As our rulers wax in power, they become fiercer, more jealous, more stupid—and better organised. What can one say to them? We are beginning to speak a different language. . . .

The naturalistic school will have fully played its part, I feel, when the time comes for it to be banned throughout the world. That was what fate had in store for it.

By LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE
(translated by JOHN MARKS)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"A Month in the Country," at the Westminster

Music near a lake, the scent of syringa, a summer house falling into decay, men and women with nothing much to do but fall gaily in love, and mournfully out of it; and always, as the invisible protagonist, Time; Time, changing children into lovers, fading the beauty from women and the energy from men, making a missed opportunity into an irreparable disaster, and also smoothing old age, disappointed love and death itself, into something faint and sadly sweet like the memory of a far distant childhood—this is the world of Turgenev's imagination as projected in *A Month in the Country*. It is a most lovely play, foreshadowing Tchehov, as a sketch in wash prepares a richer and more profound painting. A performance of it years ago gave us one of the happiest evenings we have had in a London theatre. There was a girl in white who came running on with a bow and arrow—or can this be an invented memory, for the spectator, like the characters, is a victim of the protagonist? There is no bow or arrow now, and something else has been lost. Miss Gillian Scaife gives us a most thoughtful and sensitive performance in her old role, but either she has grown less spontaneous or we more hard to please. She acts well, but never so well that we forget that she is acting. Rakitin is a ticklish part, and here it is lamentably played—he is made at once stiff and stagey. Mr. Stephen Murray gives a less sympathetic performance than the original tutor, but in other respects he does very well. The best showing comes from Mr. Cecil Trouncer who lifts the play every time he comes on to the stage. The scenery and costumes are specially felicitous, and the play itself is so good that any inadequacies in the performance are soon forgotten. We hope there will be another revival, say in 1946, and we shall be able to complain crustily that the standard of the 1936 production has not been maintained. Meanwhile, we vehemently recommend everyone who cares for the theatre to try to see this play. It is very amusing, very moving, and a fine work of art.

"The Provoked Wife," at the Embassy

A contemporary divine declared that the indecencies of this play "ought to explode it out of all reputable society," and Charles Laws Fox thought that it entitled its author to be called "almost as great a genius as ever lived." The two opinions appear equally extravagant: Vanbrugh is far less indecent than Wycherley—and also far less effective. As an architect he showed something near to genius, as a playwright, only an outstanding talent. Probably Fox's enthusiasm was enriched by Garrick's acting, as Sir John Brute—it was one of his favourite parts. And Mr. Mervyn Johns, who plays it at the Embassy, shows what a fine fat part it is. His performance is indeed much the most satisfactory feature of the production. He delivers the Sword speech vastly well, and brings out the pathos as well as the humour of the part. (That Brute is not merely brutish shows Vanbrugh's superiority to most of his rivals.) None of the ladies quite rose to the occasion. Miss Marda Vanne is one of the best actresses in England, and her Lady Fanciful could not but be amusing; it was not, as we hoped it would be, memorable. Miss Marcella Salzer was charming as Mademoiselle, though her French was a little dicky. The wit, which is the *raison d'être* of the play, did not receive delicate enough treatment from the rest of the cast. But we are most grateful to Mr. Ronald Adam for giving us the occasion to see a comedy so justly celebrated, and Mr. John Fernald, the producer, did his best with the material at his command.

"Transatlantic Rhythm," at the Adelphi

It was hardly surprising, after what we read in the newspapers, that there was a lack of co-ordination in this revue, but the elements that remain after the herring-pond has settled down should, with a little pruning and polishing, bring it well up to the level of most London entertainments of the kind. It has in Mr. Lou Holz

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HERBERT JOSEPH

one of the most delightful and personal comedians we have seen for some time—his backchat about a young man who couldn't find his stall was brilliant in the extreme—and in Miss Lupe Velez a dancer and comedienne who, if her efforts are rather those of the party than of the theatre, has sufficient pep to bring a breath of the stews of Melchhiko, as they pronounce it in this revue, into the entertainment. Her imitations belong to the world of raw caricature rather than of subtle observation, but are none the worse for that, while her dancing and her appearance are both exhilarating. If she will give up saying after the performance that it has been the dream of her life to come to England, she ought to make a considerable personal success. The music is attractive, but gallantly though Miss Dorothy Dare took up the extinguished torch of Miss Ruth Etting, she has not sufficient voice-power to put the big number across, and someone else must be found for this part of the show. The decor except for an admirable opening scene of the arrival of the transatlantic plane and a wedding in Mexico, is largely derivative, but Mr. Ferry's girls are quite lovely and Buck and Bubbles a good nigger turn of the type one has seen hundreds of times. There has been unnecessary fuss about the opening of this venture, but it ought to succeed, if it pulls itself together and survives the initial publicity.

"The Night of January 16th," at the Phoenix

The tax on ingenuity in the world of thrillers, whether in the form of plays or novels, mounts higher and higher, and, in this particular instance, appeal to the public is based mainly on the new quirks in the production and not on the play itself. The enrolling of members of the audience as Jury, the rising of witnesses in the stalls, the alternative verdict in accordance with the Jury's point of view, are all pleasant enough trimmings to the pastry, but if the pastry itself shows a *lapsus levitatis* on the part of the cook, we all know who is going to suffer. The brutality of policemen, the tough methods of advocates are accepted as part of the American regular method of justice, but are we to believe that if a body is thrown aft a penthouse and a millionaire's secretary is found weeping beside it, the State Department accepts her statement as to whose body it is without further investigation? Are we equally to believe that when it is announced that the millionaire's body has really been found about 500 miles away that everyone, including the Judge, immediately accepts this fact without any supporting evidence? Or that love in these days will really go to the chair for something it hasn't done? Well, there must be fairies at the bottom of the garden after all, and if there are, perhaps they will look after poor Mr. Edward H. Robins and Miss Phoebe Foster, who give us the best of their considerable acting abilities in a most unworthy cause.

"Savoy Hotel 217," at the Curzon

Gustav Ucicky is a talented director, probably the best UFA has recruited since its golden age in the 'twenties. But, as Germany's output of films has dwindled and their standard has deteriorated to a dolefully cheap level, the excellence of Ucicky's new picture comes as a surprise. Even by comparison with the better type of talkie produced elsewhere, it is a film of distinct merit. It relies rather too much on close-up, that short-cut to the emotions (underrating the spectator's intelligence), which soon tends to pall; but it is for the most part finely photographed, with greater clarity than we are accustomed to in Continental films other than French. The acting is admirable, though of a kind that rightfully belongs to the theatre, and the direction shows good sense and simplicity, particularly in casting, characterisation and variation of pace. Hans Albers, a forceful personality, plays the part of a waiter coveted by the voluptuous adventuress in Room 217 who, while preparing to divorce her jealous weakling of a husband, lives in fear of an ex-lover and accomplice newly returned from Siberia, where he went for her sake. She wants him bumped off by the waiter. . . . But, below stairs, he is also in fervent demand: the doughty mistress of the hotel linen (Kaethe Dorsch) and, before long, a pretty chambermaid (Gusti Huber) are in love with him. The scenario so far, although at least personal and, for a blessed change, free from the history, hysteria and political bias of the Nazi studios, has only digressed from the accepted *Grand Hotel* formula in that the hero is the waiter. But when 217 herself is murdered (good, slick work by the director) and, with suspicion falling on the waiter, a climax is reached, the dénouement, pursued through a gloomy underworld of dumps and dosshouses, is genuinely dramatic. The best single shot is that of two tramps flinging the wanted man out of sight of the police; but the whole of this sequence is admirable and would by itself make the film worth seeing.

"Cover to Cover" at the Carlton

Mr. Paul Rotha is almost the only man, of all those who have made it their business to tell other people how films should be made, who has had the courage to show them, in so many reels of celluloid, exactly what he meant. Till now all his films have been (like his allegiances) documentary. *Contact* was for Imperial Airways, *Dockyard* for the P. and O., and *Rising Tide* for Shell. His last is for the National Book Council and is about the production of books. Unlike most makers of documentary films, Mr. Rotha has, if anything, too many ideas to incorporate in the footage at his disposal. For *Mountain Journey*, the dummy book which is the star of this film, he has composed a vast and spreading family tree, decorated with vignettes of its ancestors; calligraphy, printing, papermaking and even the impulses to write and read are here illustrated. He has given it an author and a birthplace, subject and attendants. And he makes *Mountain Journey* of such an interest that it is, in the end, quite a disappointment to find that such a handsome book, born to an incantation by Wystan Auden, has, except for its tasteful jacket and binding, never existed. Starring in this film are Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. T. S. Eliot. It is a film stimulating in itself and well adapted to its object, and it should stir the imagination of a large number of people for whom a book is not much different from a pound of sausages.

Professor Tonks at the Tate Gallery

It is a very rare honour for a living artist to be given a one-man show in the Tate Gallery, but Professor Tonks has received this privilege. His caricatures are most remarkably good, and you are recommended strongly to go to Millbank, if only to see Sargent lashed to his easel on a mountain top, Mr. Asquith, Queen Victoria, the King, Prof. Tonks and his friends, and above all George Moore in his nightdress, encouraged by Cupids to enter at Orelay the famous bed that was like a battlefield. How can one not regret that the energy which might have given us a great caricaturist was dissipated in teaching young persons to paint the sort of pictures that they so unfortunately do?

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 9th—
"School for Scandal," Tavistock Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.
"Charles the King," Lyric Theatre.

SATURDAY, October 10th—
R. Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
International Conference of Lawyers on National Socialist Law in Germany, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, 11.15 and 2.45, and on October 11th at 10.15 and 2.30.
M.S.I. Conference, Pierre Robert on "Fascism in Germany, France and Spain," Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 3.

SUNDAY, October 11th—
Har Dayal on "Japanese Imperialism, Its Cause and Cure," Conway Hall, 11.
John Strachey on "The People's Front," Marx House, 7.30.
Ronald Kidd on "The Citizen and the Police," Willoughby Hall, Willoughby Road, 8.

TUESDAY, October 13th—
Professor G. E. G. Catlin on "My Impressions of the Brussels Peace Conference," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Brinley Thomas on "Scandinavia," Morley College, 8.
The Next Step in Religion. Canon Charles Raven on "The Future of Religion: The Contribution of the West," Besant Hall, Rodmarton Mews, off King Street, Baker Street, 8.
Professor H. F. Hallett on "On Being a Philosopher," University College, Gower Street, 8.15 (cards of admission obtainable from University Hall, 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1).

WEDNESDAY, October 14th—
Dr. Maxwell Garnett on "World Peace and the International Peace Campaign," King Edward Hall, Finchley, 8.
Barbara Wootton on "The Responsibility of Progressive People," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, October 15th—
Some Aspects of National Music. French Folk Songs, Great Hall of King's College, Strand, 5.30.
New Ideas in Social Administration. Dr. F. H. Spencer on "The Child," Morley College, 7.30.
Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Sunday Times

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BOOKS AND REVIEWERS IN NEXT SUNDAY'S ISSUE:

E. F. Benson: *Our Magistrates*
Sir Arthur Keith: *Prehistoric Africa*
Rebecca West: *The Tichborne Trial*
G. B. Stern: *All the Dogs of My Life*
Sheila Kaye-Smith: *William Hogarth*
Sir Frederick O'Connor: *Big-Game Hunting*
Shane Leslie: *Marie Bashkirtseff*
Sir E. Denison Ross: *Turkey*
E. H. Carr: *Count Bernstorff's Memoirs*

More books are reviewed in the SUNDAY TIMES than in any other newspaper. Every week there is an article on some outstanding book by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, most distinguished of literary critics to-day. Others who regularly contribute reviews include Edward Shanks, J. M. Bulloch, Ralph Straus, Milward Kennedy and Doreen Wallace.

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ON SUNDAY THE SUNDAY TIMES

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"He began out of nothing, developing from the mere sponge to the vertebrae and so upwards," is the description that Edward Martyn gave of George Moore. Martyn who, like Moore, came of a Catholic family and was the heir to an estate in Connaught, was one of Moore's earliest friends and knew him perhaps as well as anyone. But now that Mr. Joseph Hone has produced *The Life of George Moore* (Gollancz, 15s.), we can see that Martyn's judgment was not really a true one, for Moore's life does not present a steady development. Of course, it fell into stages: the vacuous, horsey young man was attracted to chorus girls, to studio life and art and Paris. Throwing over painting, he became a writer, a disciple of Zola's; then a successful author, banned by the libraries for his daring subjects. Yeats took him back to Ireland as an apostle of the Celtic revival, where he was soon horrified by the intellectual subjection of the Irish to their particularly narrow-minded, puritanical priesthood, but remained to write in *Hail and Farewell* an irresistibly comic portrait of the circle of his Irish friends. And then, in his old age, Moore flowered into a great conscious master of English prose, rewriting his early works and weaving tapestry romances. Yet there was no steady intellectual development: at all times he was liable to be silly, or to be unexpectedly profound. Moore's own judgment of himself, brilliantly developed by Mr. Charles Morgan in his *Epitaph on George Moore*, was that besides the real George Moore, whom we knew as G. M., there was an *amico moorini*, responsible not only for his bad work, but for a thousand stupidities, vulgarities, and faults of taste in real life. Mr. Morgan would undoubtedly have written a most interesting double-barrelled biography of G. M. and of *Amico*. Unfortunately, obstacles were placed in his way and Mr. Morgan abandoned the enterprise which has now been carried through by Mr. Hone, who has provided what is, on the whole, a very fair history of Moore's life. Mr. Hone is an Irishman, and in one place we must convict him of giving way to the national vice of improving on the truth. He tells us that a German friend of Moore's, Herr Meyerfeld,

> shows with relish a singular snapshot of his old friend dancing in a garden in his pyjamas, while a charming young woman, a friend of Dujardin, sits upon the grass, fully clothed and unconcerned: the converse, as it were, of Manet's celebrated *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*.

On a later page Mr. Hone shows a reproduction of this "singular snapshot" which portrays nothing of the kind. G. M. is not dancing, he has both feet planted on the ground, is carrying a towel over his arm and has obviously stopped to say good morning to the young lady while going out to bathe. Mr. Hone's phrase, "dancing in a garden in his pyjamas" makes me feel slightly uneasy about the rest of his book. Incidentally, the illustrations are not nearly well enough reproduced for a book of this price.

* * *

The beauty of Moore Hall, even now, is very great, as it stands a burned-out ruin among its splendid groves of beech trees which G. M. would not sell for timber, though he knew that he would never see them again: "sitting by my fireside in Ebury Street I should hear the strokes of the axe as plainly as if I were living in Moore Hall." The beauty of the vivid greeny-blue lake, ringed with a white strand and overhung with ash trees on the dividing promontory, inspired much of his best work: *The Lake*, *A Story-teller's Holiday*, *The Untilled Field*, yet perhaps the loneliness and remoteness of Moore Hall, cut off by leagues of bog from any trace of civilisation, accounts for the streak of childish, parvenu vulgarity which astonishes the reader of Moore's early letters. His first thought was that he must prove himself to be "a man of the world" and not a bog-trotter. The vulgarity is most marked in his letters to his mother.

> I have been to a state ball at the Castle. . . . I did not stir from the end of the room near the dais where I danced a few times with Lady Bellew. . . . Jane was sitting in sight without a creature to go near, Maud was without a partner, and as they were all watching me, I was scored prodigiously. I had hoped I was above such social triumphs but the flesh is weak. Then there was a calico ball given at the Rotunda. Never did I see anything so low, so vile, so dirty. Dublin Society has lost all sense of what is *la vie comme il faut*.

Perhaps Mrs. Moore, a lonely prisoner in Connaught, and quite likely a vulgar woman herself, felt that such letters were proofs that her son was learning his way about the great world. The extraordinary thing about G. M. was that he really was a dual personality. While the young bounder lounged near the viceregal dais, the artist was collecting material for a bitter attack on the marriage market in which girls like Jane and Maud were exhibited. And just previously he had been applying to his mother for help in capturing an heiress. He seems to have hidden nothing from her, but his naive boastfulness was interrupted by moments of charming sensitiveness, scolding her for spending her money buying him new blankets when she could have sent him old ones.

* * *

That there was no steady progression in Moore's development is shown by the fact that *A Mummer's Wife* immediately preceded the writing of *A Mere Accident*. Moore is one of our greatest writers, not because of his style, but because of his power of sympathy and understanding of characters utterly unlike his own. It is one of the rarest powers, only found in the very greatest writers and it was always present in Moore's best work. Wilfred Holme, Esther Waters herself, Father Gogarty in *The Lake*, and Heloise are examples of Moore's power of shedding his own personality and looking at life through the eyes of others. And this sympathy is particularly marked in *A Mummer's Wife*. Moore never in his life felt the temptation or the necessity to drink; he was constitutionally sober, yet the craving for drink has never been more sympathetically and movingly presented than in Kate Ede. By an odd chance, Moore went up for a visit to Stoke-on-Trent, or Hanley, in order to find the Midland industrial setting he wanted for his novel and it was reading *A Mummer's Wife* that showed Arnold Bennett that he should write of his native "Five Towns," though, in my opinion, he never approached the quality of his model. And Moore had written this masterpiece in imitation of the lifeless, "realistic" novels of Zola! *A Mere Accident*, on the other hand, is one of the vulgarest, worst written and most ridiculous trumped-up stories that has even been published. Yet Moore, or the *amico moorini*, wrote it quite seriously, believing he was going to follow up the success of *A Mummer's Wife*. In spite of these lapses, in spite of foolishness and vanity, G. M. was the best critic of his own work. He was, as Mr. Barrett Clark noted, as bitterly critical of it as he was of the work of his contemporaries. Mr. Hone's Life is least satisfactory, I think, when he deals with Moore's books. He is at his best in describing Moore's relations with women.

> But any account of him without reference to him as a lover might as well not be told. It could be described as the centre of his being. . . . Moore's friends in Dublin who knew him only as an austere and laborious liver, listened with some amusement to the histories of his love-affairs, told so broadly. . . . Moore did not exactly boast, for he assumed that other people's experience was very much the same as his own. Some of his listeners felt perhaps as Dr. Mitford, Swift's editor, felt, after a consideration of Vanessa's behaviour to the Dean: "To me all this is astonishing, who never experienced the slightest voluntary offering of any female affection."

This is an excellent, well-deserved rebuke. Mr. Hone tells us also that Moore was almost completely without jealousy in his relations with women. There is no doubt women could be firmer friends with him than most men, who were usually more interested in gathering material for stories at the expense of the *Amico* than in learning to understand the great artist G. M. Appended to this biography is an excellent account of Moore's declining years by Clara Warville, his cook-housekeeper.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1936

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AUGUST AFTERNOON

THUMP of a horse's hoof behind the hedge ;
Long stripes of shadow, and green flame in the grass
Between them ; discrowned glaucous poppy-pods
On their tall stalks ; a rose
With its great thorns blood-red in the slant light ;
Round apples swelling on the apple-boughs—
Over these, over all warm silence, comes
Out of no-where a 'plane in the high blue
Driving its angry furrow across the sky,
Outstrips the slow clouds, throbs an urgent roar
Right overhead, and fiercely vanishes.
The silence has become strange. Dark as pools
Whence noiseless water issues, memories
Glide with their visions on the drifting mind
From shadow into shadow, and then a pang
Sudden as through scarr'd night a shooting star.
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament !
Dead faces of the young, that see nothing . . .
The unknown wounds everywhere, everywhere . . .
And then from the inner to the outer sense
Returns the sun-warm silence on the grass,
The poppy charged with sleep, the red, red thorns,
The stamping of the horse behind the hedge,
The strong slow patience of the living earth,
And the apple ripening on the apple tree
Almost as if I felt it in my flesh.

LAURENCE BINYON

WINTER'S DAWN

MAN'S breadth, that pride of Earth,
Is drawn for you upon the Gothic Pane
By finger of Frost, revealed at Winter's dawn.
Breast muscle, broad shoulder-bracket, flowering Head,
Inclined to you, opaque with all Intention :
Pride—hungry for more than all, hungry for Death—
That wears the colours of a southern Summer,
The Gold, the Blue, the ichor-white of Cloud—
Traced in the sheen of Satin, gleam of Skin.
Yield, then, yield : submit to the insolent Gaze,
The metal Grin, splinter of Laughter, assault
Against that tender Valve, the lidded Eye.
Surrender in silence to the evil Dream ;
Give hostages to Grief ; receive
The bruise of Pain from the mass-murderer Heart.
Or no . . . as lief refuse that blank Deceit.
Breathe on the Pane, then, breathe ;
Give your lips to the Cold, to the ice-cold
Fibre film—to the tracery of muscle,
The flowing shoulders of Frost. See now the Blue,
The precious metal of Sky pierce the cruel
Figure, the Dream. Dissolve, then, dissolve
The lines and colours of desire—the Gold, the Blue ;
Dissolve the seasons, Summer and Winter, into one
Memory, landscape of Childhood, the former dream—
The comforting, the real. Rediscover
The gate sunk on its hinge, ajar between
The glass-clear trees above the water, still,
In rose of sunset, rose of the Winds,
Tenderly silent as stealing shadow of Cloud
Blown by the Wind-rose over the quiet grass.
Gone now the brittle strength, gold-glitter of evil
Love, threat of love without Tenderness ;
Dissolved the sonorous tendons, dismembered
The tracéd Body. Unbelievable blue,
Retained in discs of looking cruelty,
Resolves into an usual sky,
And widens, deepens, pauses for
Returning stroke of the Sun.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PORTRAIT

LORD BARRENSTOCK and Epicene
What's it to me that you have been
In your pursuit of interdicted joys
Seducer of a hundred little boys

Your sins are red about your head
And many people wish you dead

You trod the widow in the mire
Wronged the son deceived the sire

You put a fence around the land
And made the people's cattle graze on sand

Ratted from many a pool and forced amalgamation
And dealt in shares which never had a Stock Exchange quotation

Non flocci facio I do not care
For wrongs you made the other fellow bear
Tis not for these unsocial acts not these
I wet my pen. I would not have you tease
With a repentance smug and overdue
For all the things you still desire to do
The ears of an outraged divinity
But, oh ! your tie is crooked and I see
Too plain you had an eclair for your tea

It is this nonchalance about your person
That is the root of my profound aversion

You are too fat. In spite of stays
Your shape is painful to the polished gaze
Your uncombed hair grows thin and daily thinner
In fact, you're far too ugly to be such a sinner

Lord Barrenstock and Epicene consider all that you have done
Lord Epicene and Barrenstock yet not two Lords but one
I think you are an object not of fear but pity
Be good my Lord since you cannot be pretty.

STEVIE SMITH

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Anne Douglas Sedgwick: A Portrait in Letters Chosen and Edited by Basil de Selincourt. *Constable. 7s. 6d.*

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, born in 1873, was the child of American parents living in London. The Sedgwicks came from New England, her mother's family from Ohio: she visited America as a child, twice in the five years preceding her marriage to Basil de Selincourt in 1908, then once more with her husband in 1930. Like many people whose lives are divided by water, who feel indigenous nowhere, she had to play consciously, strongly on her impressions and memories to give life a continuity that should be accidental, to give her conception of life, which preoccupied her, form. Appreciation became her most active faculty. In these letters her emotion attaches itself almost desperately to scenes, objects and people inside its scope, like a land bird to the railings and funnels of a liner it has followed too far and dare not leave now. Her dread of chaos, her desire not only for form but for a sense of any purpose behind it was immense; she wished to settle, and to settle without being deceived. Calm with a sort of tremor, tender, impetuous, arbitrary, yet with something behind them oddly *voulu* and cool, these letters to her friends have something dwelling about them, a delicate and penetrating greed that makes them like love-letters. She writes in an early letter to Mrs. James Pitman:

> By *feeling*, by *instinct*, I am intensely pessimistic and altogether sceptical; my natural outlook on things is a despairing one; life seems to me a succession of moods dependant on external impressions, and death to end all.

And in the following letter:

> We have bought a mirror—*I* have rather, for mine it is. . . . I saw it in an old shop; my whole nature had been *hungering* for just such a mirror over our little white mantlepiece. . . .

And in 1914:

> Just a year ago to-day . . . you in your purple dress, the softly glowing house, the glass bowl of nasturtiums in the hall, the roses and carnations and violets—how it all comes back! and the silvery lawn next morning from my window.

She was a New Englander in her formality and her charm. Not a hint of her perplexity can have showed. Her will, her moral aesthetic, her need to communicate humanly through small beauties, ordered her life as a woman exquisitely, as it directed her pen. Her possessions took on something from the delight of her eye. To visit Far End was to enter one of her novels—but a novel of hers with any drama suspended—the tea-table with yellow roses on it, the sitting-room door at the head of the steep stairs had a precise silver-point line round them, and mattered more than a table or door in real life. She was gracious and natural in her relations with younger people. With everyone she must have been inexorably gentle: it is impossible to determine from these letters which lay deeper in her, irony or sentiment. But the letters have, I feel, inevitably been edited with a bias, and give an incomplete view of her character. Development may be a myth: there is at any rate no effect of development inside the thirty-seven years this collection covers. She does not defeat or exorcise her uneasiness, but learns to minister to it. The end of a century formed her, but she was a born Edwardian, tuned to her age, its charm, its privileges and its unconscious ruthlessness as only a woman could be—it is interesting that she should have found Jane Austen "distinctly *dashing*, bold, even coarse." Bunk had silted up slowly in the century between them, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, for all her seriousness and courage, never stood wholly clear of it: loyalties made that impossible. She, like her generation, faced the indictment of 1914 without a tremor: she never ceases to see the War in heroic terms. Her good faith must have been absolute in 1914, when she wrote: "So many of the finest types in Britain one feels are *meant* for a crisis like this. . . . One hopes that, after such a *lifting* and such a trying in the crucible, people can never again sink to quite such levels of squabbling and misunderstanding." Nobility made her one of those luxuries for which we others are still paying the bills.

As a young woman she was an intellectual of her day: anxious but not militant, pious in the exact sense, given to study, to self-cultivation, to the desire to arrive at the truth. At the end of her twenties, when the letters begin, she is reading Huxley, Newman, William James and *Personal Idealism*—"a collection of essays on Philosophy by eight Oxford men. The value and meaning of personality, its power and right of interpreting life, is the basis of their thought." Her poets were George Herbert and Emerson. As she grows older, her own thought becomes at once more personal and more objective, and shows less need of direction or companionship: metaphysics preoccupy her less. In the early letters she declares herself a regretful agnostic; just before her death, to another Mrs. de Selincourt, she defines her religious position in a letter that, because of its highly personal idiom, it would be unfair or at least misleading to quote. She faced death as she faced the War, with impassably well-bred courage, and a height of her frightening humour that nothing could defeat. Here was something more than the liner, a rock, more noble and static, for the lost bird to settle on.

Her integrity appears most in her own comments on her novels. Anne Douglas Sedgwick perfected, without pretension or fever, an art within her own scope. Her novels were the Edwardian novel at its best: one cannot too much honour her skill, their integrity—for integrity they must have, or their charm would make one uneasy. She delighted in personality, and in drawing round it an unfaltering moral line—she was too smiling, worldly and adept to be a prig; she was sadly incapable of fanaticism. "I can express *nothing*," she wrote, "except in character, as it were. . . . I still feel so unable to say what I myself think of 'Valerie' or 'art' in general. I've no theories, you know; never think at all as to what 'school' I belong to; my books, I know, when they are at all good, are a phase of myself, and perhaps a deeper phase than I am able to express in my personal capacity . . . the only instrument I'm aware of is a *smile*." The smile, with its qualifications, its friendliness, its isolated and faintly barren delight in life, persists now, in her books, as a physical memory of her—persists growing yearly more foreign and distant, now when all smiles are changing their quality. Would she have desired her letters to be published? She had a strong sense of privacy, and must surely have wished to be remembered, as she is worthy to be remembered, as a novelist above all. She stands on the slope of New England writers, with Mrs. Wharton above her half-way to Henry James—the novelist of intelligent, smiling drawing-rooms, of security, of one's precocious childhood. She inspires nostalgia already: her novels are monuments, minor monuments, but they are cut cleanly and the stone is good.

Elizabeth Bowen

WELLS AND STEELE

The Anatomy of Frustration. By H. G. Wells. *Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.*

To review a book by Wells is, I find, an extraordinarily difficult undertaking. Here is a man who, more perhaps than any other, has formed the outlook of my generation, formed it so thoroughly that, looking on the world through spectacles that he has tinted for us, we see it inevitably dyed in his colours. Evil fellows among the generation which has just come to maturity have even committed the sin of regarding Wells as a fount of platitude, forgetting that it is the Nemesis that waits on those who tell the truth for the first time, that after a time we should come to think we have always known what they told us.

Nevertheless, the effect of what is approximately his seventieth book on a middle-aged mind already steeped in Wells is so enormously stimulating that instead of a review one wants to write a volume in comment. To have produced such an effect is in itself a considerable feat; the minds of the middle-aged lapse all too easily from stability into stagnation. Plop, a book by Wells is dropped into these stagnant pools, and ripples of thought spread in every direction over their agitated surfaces. Notes are made, criticisms suggest themselves and the reviewer's mind, moved at last, is suffused with a grateful admiration. We have just been celebrating H.G.'s seventieth birthday, yet I doubt if there is any living writer who can produce so salutary an agitation.

The form of this latest book is peculiar. Wells invents a fictitious personage, William Burroughs Steele, who writes a series of books in imitation of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Steele died in 1935 through an over-dose of a hypnotic drug, and Wells purports to have gone through his literary remains, published and unpublished, with the object of presenting a general conspectus of Steele's thought. The present volume is, in fact, this conspectus.

Wells adopted a similar device in *The World of William Clissold*. It puzzled me then and it puzzles me now. The ideas of Steele are obviously the ideas of Wells; his style the style of Wells. Why then, one wonders, does H.G. choose this indirect method of saying what he thinks; why father his inimitable style on to somebody else? For the method suggests an obvious criticism;

Autumn **PETER DAVIES** Publications

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General

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either the ideas elaborated in this book are, in fact, Wells's, or they are not; if they are, he should announce them in his own person; if they are not, why take so much trouble to announce them at all? The effect of the device is to give the impression that Wells is trying out ideas for which he wishes to evade full responsibility. Steele, for example, is criticised: "Steele," we read, "goes on in his sweeping way to declare that all morality and all religious theory" are so-and-so. Now does Wells think that they are "so-and-so," or doesn't he? Steele, again, is "very plausible—although a finer note of scholarship would make him more convincing," in his attempt to persuade us that "myriads of souls through the ages" have come in a roundabout way to think—well, precisely what Wells thinks. But if they have in fact thought what Wells thinks, why suggest that the evidence for this gratifying agreement is based upon inadequate scholarship?

It is Steele's person rather than his scholarship that I find unconvincing. If he is a mere gramophone record for one of the innumerable motifs in the symphony of Wells's multitudinous ideas, he is over-dramatised; if he is more than this, he is dramatised too little. In any event the book's title is misleading. The correct title is "*Steele on the Anatomy of Frustration, a study by H. G. Wells.*"

I have devoted so much attention to the manner of the book because of the impossibility of summarising its matter. This might be most adequately described as a set of variations on the theme of cosmic optimism. In Burton's time the world was set; it seemed impossible that it should change. To-day anything is possible; therefore, while Burton is dominated by despair, Steele is full of hope. The question which concerns him is whether the division and confusion in which men still live are endemic to our species, or whether they are a "temporary state of disorganisation," due to the extreme "newness of new ideas." Steele answers that they are temporary; at least, they are not inevitable. "What then," he asks, "prevents us from making a sane and secure world for ourselves?" And answers, "Frustration." There is, first, the frustration of thought. Most of our disagreements and confusions are, he holds, due to unclear thinking: we all want the same things; we all react to the same environment. Hence, if men would only think clearly, it is reasonable to suppose that they would agree much more than they do. From the frustration of thought the book runs through the whole gamut of modern man's frustrations. There are the frustrations of abundance, of youth and of loneliness; there is frustration by the subconscious and through the need of a lover. Through it all runs Wells's sustaining faith; a faith in a purposive Nature, envisaged as a thrust or force of life driving all living creatures forward in pursuit of a more intense individuality, and then of a super-individuality beyond individuality. This super-individuality, to be evolved from within our species, is described, as "the sum of human knowledge and expression, the sustaining consciousness, the reasonable will of the race." To produce this super-individuality, "Man," in whom we all even now participate, is the immediate purpose of the human race, and the urge of life in its pursuit will drive the best of our species sooner or later to bring about a world revolution which is necessary to Its or His development.

The summary is a bald one and does no sort of justice to the enthusiasm of the writer and the vitality of the writing. A couple of quotations will serve to show its quality:

> This idea of a world revolution taking place concurrently in the minds of men and in human organisation must arise in due course in the developing racial intelligence. . . . The only alternatives we can envisage are intolerable prospects of biological disaster, chronic war, social deterioration, diseases, specific differentiation, generation after generation of distressed existences with extinction looming at the end. Either we take hold of our destiny, or, failing that, we are driven towards our fate.

And this is how Wells finally states his—or is it Steele's?—faith:

> Cyclopean prejudices, innate misconceptions, oceans, mountain barriers, limitless space, the protean, blind obstructions of nature within us and without, will not prevail against the crystallising will, the ordered, solvent knowledge, the new education, the achieved clear-headedness of an illuminated race. Amidst the fear and lassitude and ugly darkness of our world to-day, Steele could believe that. He believed that the specific man in us . . . has the power to assimilate, utilise, over-ride and fuse all our individual divergencies.

A fine, inspiring book, noble in conception, albeit sketchy in detail! Its great virtue is that, while you read, you are lifted out of the mood of helplessness and hopelessness into which so many of the best minds of this generation only plunge you the more deeply. You are prepared to believe that our civilisation can be saved; saved and improved, so that a finer life becomes possible for our species than any we have yet imagined. It is a considerable achievement in 1936 to retain such a faith; an achievement still more considerable to communicate it.

C. E. M. Joad

PICTURESQUE HISTORY

The Hundred Years. By Philip Guedalla. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Guedalla has attempted a task of exceptional difficulty. He himself says that to write the history of the last hundred years "won't be a despairing enterprise for anything short of a syndicate of centipedes with a pen in every hand." It might fairly be answered that as Mr. Guedalla lacks the facile penmanship of those gifted creatures it was a little rash of him to undertake this book. It might also be said that the strong right hand and selective mind of Mr. Gibbon or of Lord Macaulay would have been equal to the task. Mr. Guedalla has accordingly fallen back on a selection of scenes or, in his own words, "a series of leading moments." He gives rather more than thirty of these, chosen, as he says, for their "significance." To have chosen thirty episodes during the last 100 years which would have presented a completely satisfying and balanced picture of the century was probably an impossible task, but some of Mr. Guedalla's selections seem difficult to justify. With the exception of the Chartist Meeting on Kennington Common, all the English nineteenth-century episodes are concerned with Queen Victoria and the Court. It is true that a vast amount of contemporary history is skilfully squeezed into each episode, but I think the Queen's importance seems to be distorted out of all fair proportion. The details of her accession, for example, must be well known in every corner of the globe and have been described in immortal language, both by herself in her Journal and by Mr. Lytton Strachey. I do not think that this event gains anything either in picturesqueness or accuracy from Mr. Guedalla's description of her "walking gravely through her ceremonial minuet." I think, too, that some space should have been given to the Trade Unions and economic questions and rather less to that depressingly familiar eccentric, Marx. It would be more difficult to quarrel with Mr. Guedalla's choice of foreign episodes—the American ones especially being well chosen and admirably executed.

Perhaps this book might fairly be described as a tour with Mr. Guedalla "in search of the picturesque." Indeed as one reads his glittering prose it is difficult to avoid remembering Dr. Syntax's words:

> I'll prose it here, I'll verse it there,
> And picturesque it everywhere.

I think Mr. Guedalla's claim that he has done his best to make this panorama live "within the strictest limits of historical precision" is justified. Even those critical gentry who teach history to undergraduates would be obliged to give a grudging alpha to Mr. Guedalla for the almost terrifying amount of information he can pack into one sentence; as, for example, this on the American Civil War:

> It paid it [the price] marching through the midsummer dust along the unshaded roads that ended in the little wooded hills along the Bull Run where Beauregard sent the startled Federals streaming back to Washington in the first flurry of the war, or beside the Rappahannock flowing tidily between its ridges whilst Lee parried the Northern thrust at Fredericksburg, or under the wide skies that looked down on the sloping fields in front of Richmond when the South turned to bay behind its shallow breastworks, scooped in the thirsty, sandy soil along the vast, untidy water-line of the Chickahoming.

But it would be most unfair to review this book simply in the light of what it says. Its success or failure will depend entirely on the public taste for the author's style. I read *The Second Empire* only recently and I read it in a library copy which had been fiercely annotated. I pictured the annotator at work with scholarly mind and venomous pencil, Fowler's *English Usage* before him and every kind of dictionary within easy reach. The result was a trifle bewildering to the reader and very destructive of Mr. Guedalla's grammar. I remember one word that roused the pencil to its finest display of scholarship was the word "trail," which appeared a great deal in the book till even the commentator was defeated and simply wrote "O God this word again." I do not think the style has altered. "Lean generals who had learnt their business in the brown distances of Algeria" still go to

MACMILLAN

Mr. Keynes and the Labour Movement

By A. L. ROWSE, *Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.* 2s. 6d.

This little book is concerned with Mr. J. M. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, which the author describes as "a brilliant contribution to a constructive way out of our present difficulties." The author examines the political and social implications of Mr. Keynes's position, and especially their relation to that of the Labour Movement. He believes that there is little or no divergence between what is implied by Labour policy and by Mr. Keynes.

Alternative to Rearmament By JONATHAN GRIFFIN, Author of *Britain's Air Policy.* 6s.

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Science of Public Finance By G. FINDLAY SHIRRAS, *Professor of Economics and Principal, Gujarat College, University of Bombay. A New Edition thoroughly revised and rewritten.* 2 *vols.* 42s.

Professor Shirras's work has been so largely extended, revised and brought up to date, that it has become virtually a new book. It now surveys the whole field with special reference to the results of recent speculations and the application of the principles to actual conditions. The two volumes are intended especially for students of finance, but will interest a much larger circle.

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The Making of Modern Turkey: From Byzantium to Angora

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Further Selections from the Autumn List

Aftermath: A Supplement to "*The Golden Bough.*" By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, O.M., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Over 500 pages.

The Faith of an Englishman By SIR EDWARD GRIGG, D.S.O., M.P. About 10s. 6d.

Hindenburg: The Wooden Titan By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *With Illustrations and Maps.* (STUDIES IN MODERN HISTORY. Edited by Professor L. B. Namier.) 21s.

Mother Country, Fatherland: The Story of a British-born German Soldier By Colonel A. G. MARTIN, Late Prussian 6th Dragoons, German Army. *Illustrated.* About 15s.

The Two Mr. Gladstones By G. T. GARRATT, author of *Lord Brougham*, and joint author (with EDWARD THOMPSON) of *Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India. Illustrated.* About 15s.

Personalities: A Selection from the Writings of A. A. BAUMANN. With a Foreword by HUMBERT WOLFE. 6s.

The Spanish Marriages 1841-1846: A Study of the Influence of Dynastic Ambition upon Foreign Policy By E. JONES PARRY. About 18s.

Talleyrand By COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE. Translated by GEORGE FREDERIC LEES and FREDERICK J. STEPHENS. About 12s. 6d.

[All prices are net]

MACMILLAN

work "with grim effectiveness"; the "drums of '93" still "throb in nervous ears"; "the gilded finger of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul" continues to point "perpetually skyward."

There are, of course, plenty of brilliant and amusing things scattered through the book. I particularly liked the description of the 'Eighties: "The golden age when it was always Lady Someone's afternoon," and the description of Queen Victoria in the early years of her marriage: "Her taste for gay old gentlemen had left her." I think a new departure, and certainly a regrettable one in the author's style, is his emphasis by repetition. A good phrase such as "The provinces had come to town," "a solitude of one had become a solitude of two," describing the Queen's marriage or that wretched "slim, gilded finger of the Fortess of S. Peter and S. Paul," appear not only at intervals throughout the book, but even on the same pages. But whatever the tricks and faults of Mr. Guedalla's style, no one could say that it is not effective. For myself I enjoy it. Those who dislike it will not trouble to read this book. To those who are nervous of it I would say that inconsequence and jumpiness are far less felt in a book of this kind than in a biographical study.

ROGER FULFORD

DETECTIVE NOVELS

The Kidnap Murder Case. By S. S. VAN DINE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Man Overboard. By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Death at the President's Lodging. By MICHAEL INNES. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Bury Him Darkly. By HENRY WADE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Hi-Spy-Kick-the-Can. By VICTOR MACCLURE. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Fair Warning. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Murder at Markendon Court. By H. H. STANNERS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fortune's Case Book. By H. C. BAILEY. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Middle Class Murder. By BRUCE HAMILTON. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Some formidable names appear as usual in this autumn list, but the leaders in detective design seem quite satisfied with the fashions they have created and are content to rest on their laurels. As far as can be seen, there are no new modes of detection on the horizon. The question arises once more, as it has arisen regularly for the last six years, how long can these old laurels go on supporting their proprietors? I suggest until the crack of doom, i.e., the outbreak of the next international European war—which may not be so far away. So let us make what hay we can in the still-warm sunshine of Messrs. Crofts and Van Dine. I do not pretend that even a world catastrophe would throw such veterans as these out of their stride, but there is a chance that through the rationing of paper and a drastic reduction in population their later masterpieces may not meet with their usual reception.

Yet in spite of my respect for our premier detective writers, I am surprised that the general public should be content with this stream of relentless plagiarism; for the only idea in an established author is to continue imitating his early triumphs, while all the unsuccessful ones and the newcomers produce endless pastiches of their successful rivals. Surely the well-worn laurels must be getting rather thin on top! Take either the new Crofts or the new Van Dine for instance. Anyone who has never read a Crofts or a Van Dine before—presuming for the sake of argument that such a person exists—would certainly find both of them packed with unexpectedness and subtleties, while their plots might be text-book examples of workmanship. But in my case, where this is my tenth Van Dine and my sixteenth Crofts, I find myself expecting the unexpected, penetrating the subtleties and over-familiar with the text-books. The effect is not that the books are spoilt for me, since they are really good detective novels, only they are somewhat cheapened. Those who do Torquemada cross-words every Sunday know what an asset it is, when groping among the tenebrous clues, to be familiar with the wordings of the tortuous mind that framed them. In *The Kidnap Murder Case*, as is the custom with all Van Dine books, a list of the characters who will appear is printed at the beginning. Run your eye down the list before you read a word of the book and select the villain—you already know from the title that someone is kidnapped and killed. If you discover later that you have guessed right you will realise with a certain smug satisfaction that by now you have pretty well got the hang of Mr. Van Dine's psychology. In the same way in *Man Overboard*, where there is no list of *dramatis personae*, when you reach page 189, by which time all the characters have appeared, summon up all your insight into Mr. Crofts' mentality and decide on your villain or villains. This should be an easier riddle than the Van Dine, because you already have a certain amount of evidence as well to go on; and I should be surprised if any old lag who has done time with *The Pit Prop Syndicate* fails to get the right answer. But once you have indulged your powers of omniscience you can sit back and enjoy Mr. Crofts at his best.

The plot of *The Kidnap Murder Case* is perfectly straightforward. A young New York gambler appears to have been kidnapped from his bedroom at daybreak, as a ransom note demanding $50,000 is found pinned to the window-sill. Did he kidnap himself to get the money which he badly needed? Or was it his brother, his wife, his brother-in-law, his mother-in-law, his lawyer or his gambling friend? I leave it to you. *Man Overboard* does not involve such a long, long trail as most of the Crofts do. Two young chemists in Ulster discover how to make non-inflammable petrol. An emissary from a firm that wishes to market the invention is sent over to Ireland to make sure that the process is genuine. After a satisfactory test the emissary misbehaves with a charming young lady who has an interest in the invention, is knocked down for his pains by her young man, and starts to return to England. But he never goes down the gangway at Liverpool, and his body is later found drowned in the Irish Sea. The chivalrous young man is charged with shoving him overboard and Inspector French is naturally obliged to smooth out the love interest by fixing the guilt in the proper quarter. That neat job of murder can also safely be left to you to solve.

Death at the President's Lodging is proclaimed by Gollancz as "the best 'first' detective story that has ever come our way." Mr. Michael Innes, the newcomer, writes with intimate knowledge of the Senior Common Room and the detective shelves in the library, but with no other qualifications that I could discover. The scene of *Death at the President's Lodging* might well be Oxford or Cambridge, but is actually some intermediate University in the vicinity of Bletchley. The learned President of St. Anthony's College is found shot in his library at 11 p.m. when all the College gates are locked. Which of the Fellows has assassinated him? There is a folding plan of the College at the end of the book to help you follow their nocturnal movements, but it is of minor importance compared to a time-table of their restless activity which you will have to compose for yourself. As for their states of mind, no diagram could do justice to their donnish complexity. Mr. Innes seems to think that the only task of a detective author is to hide his criminal from the reader at all costs, no matter what outrages to human nature that obligation may involve. In consequence his story soon becomes sticky, and then unbelievable, unless St. Anthony's is really the pseudonym of a lunatic asylum and the dons are the star patients.

I have the highest admiration for Mr. Henry Wade's best work, but *Bury Him Darkly* does not reach that category. The plot concerns jewel robbery in London; the criminal is pretty obvious and the chase without genuine excitement. The only sparkle in the book is emitted by the dialogue at which Mr. Wade can rattle away as gaily as ever, however mechanical the story.

Hi-Spy-Kick-The-Can describes the tragic outcome of a game of what was called "I Spy" when I played it. The idea is excellent: a number of young people hide from each other in the dark in the garden of a large house in North London, when one of the party is knifed. Chief-Inspector Burford is in charge of the investigation, and Mr. MacClure's readers know what that means—a high-minded, sentimental solution. Indeed the mystery is never precisely solved, and you are left to draw your own conclusion rather than send any one of those delightful young people to the gallows. I am not sufficiently Scotch really to appreciate Burford's kindness of heart, but *Hi-Spy-Kick-The-Can* is a worthy representative of middle-class detection.

Mrs. Mignon Eberhart has sold over a million copies of her books and has every intention of selling another million, judging by her latest, *Fair Warning*. She is not concerned with playing fair by her readers, but to inject into them a dose of her own tremendous high spirits with a flavouring of Ethel M. Dell masochistic wish-fulfilments. A beautiful woman called Marcia, tortured in some unnameable spiritual way, by a pale, fiendish husband called Ivan, takes refuge, also in a spiritual way, with a

Williams & Norgate

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Great Russell Street

chivalrous fellow next door called Rob. Ivan is killed the day he cuts Marcia out of his will: Rob's coat has blood on it. Mrs. Eberhart intends to bewilder you, and so she does, by suppressing evidence until the last few pages, and providing her villain with a good motive, but a fantastic method. She brings off one very neat ambiguity, which I can't explain as the solution depends on it, but it proves that under her brilliant make-up Mrs. Eberhart hides a true detective instinct.

Murder at Markendon Court, which occurs at a summer school for politicians of advanced views, is meant to be one of those close-woven plots, but Mr. Stanners' technique cannot match his intention, and he leaves several loopholes out of which the criminal keeps popping his head. Many people, however, will enjoy the fun he makes of the politicians, while wishing the plot was not so transparent.

Mr. Fortune's Case Book is an H. C. Bailey omnibus, comprising *Call Mr. Fortune*, *Mr. Fortune's Practice*, *Mr. Fortune's Trials*, and *Mr. Fortune Please*, twenty-five Reggie Fortune stories in all, packed into 809 pages. That gargantuan meal ought to satisfy even the omnivorous readers of Mr. Bailey and keep them quiet till Christmas.

Descriptions by unhappy husbands of how they intend to polish off their irritating wives and do so, are always welcome. *Middle Class Murder* deals with this cheerful topic and not with detection—though, of course, the wretched husband is never permitted to get away with it at the end. Mr. Bruce Hamilton is not breaking new ground, but he treads the old ground with the sympathetic delicacy and profound understanding which this situation always seems to evoke.

Ralph Partridge

FRENCH GOTHIC

Midnight. By Julian Green. Trans. by Vyvyan Holland. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

With *Le Visionnaire* M. Green took a first step in the right direction, away from the over-emphatic chiaroscuro of his early novels, into a system of fantasy in which his peculiar mind is far more at home. *Midnight* marks a further, and in some ways more important, step in the same direction. The world which M. Green has discovered is essentially that of Lewis Carroll and Kafka—a world where terror and *fou rire* follow hard on the steps of one another, where the humour is terrible because it is a last resort and the terror is relieved from sordidness (as in *Léviathan* it was not) by the composed lights of beauty. Such a world presupposes allegory, a perfectly legitimate form of art which abuse has brought into ill-repute. All that one need remember is that allegory is quite permissible so long as the symbols are in themselves as interesting as the thing symbolised. Here M. Green—like Lewis Carroll and Kafka before him—is brilliantly successful. The adventures of the child, Elizabeth—from the moment at which she escapes from the house of her sinister aunt, to that at which she leaps from the window of Fontfroide at the bidding of the beautiful and essentially destructive Serge—are firmly rooted in both worlds. The passage from one to the other, in the reader's mind, is achieved by a skilful balance of terror and humour. Fear is always originally in the trembling of the body, not in the thing seen or imagined. Thus Elizabeth's fears in the dark, dilapidated rooms and corridors of Fontfroide are strictly her own, and there is a further irony in the fact that the only dangerous and evil character in the book lives outside the orbit of the master of the house and his strange entourage, who are all of them fundamentally beneficent. It must be admitted that the "magic" atmosphere is conveyed in a masterly manner: Elizabeth's bedroom seems disposed by magic; but the invisible care with which she finds herself surrounded is really only that which we all enjoy in the so admirably "canny" houses of our friends. We have only to think a moment, away from the page, to situate each separate incident of the story well within the limits of our own experience. The aggregate effect is, of course, different; the point I am trying to make is that it is stupid to shy away from the book on the supposition that it is "mad"—i.e., divorced from reality—a mere wanton toying with reverie. In it reality is approached from the opposite direction; that is all. The only sign of madness discernible in the inhabitants of Fontfroide (apart from Mme. Angéli, the one admittedly insane person) is their habit of talking to themselves aloud, instead of properly conversing; but this is only the habit of all extreme egotists, the world over. And here, if you like, we rejoin Alice at that famous tea-party, where the Hatter is only called mad by way of flattering the reader. Like Alice, Elizabeth proceeds instinctively, empirically, whereas the other people (grown-ups, masters, gods—call them what you will) act always on principle. This gives them the blank, rigid severity, as of featureless faces, which distinguishes the inexorable Masters of Kafka's and Lewis Carroll's world. Elizabeth is superior to them in the possession of one quality—that of irony, of which they are entirely incapable. To take only one example: the White Knight character, M. Agnel, is speaking of his adored master, the ineffable M. Edme:

> "Even to the way in which he rolls his umbrella," he declared, "there's something which betrays the man of method."
>
> "You ought to have that fine sentence engraved on the front of Fontfroide," said Elizabeth.
>
> "No," he said, offended, "it is not of sufficient general interest."

Along with irony, Elizabeth has perspective—learns it; the others have none. She has, therefore, common sense (= Alice = K. of *The Castle*) and she puts herself always in the wrong through inability to refrain from answering back, which is the protest of common sense faced by fanaticism. From this perpetual conflict proceeds the extraordinary humour of the book: M. Urbain abusing M. Agnel out of the window—the latter's enormous feet—M. Edme's button boots—M. Edme's mother taking off her hat—the gravity and attention with which the characters perform actions which to Elizabeth must seem completely trivial.

I have too little space in which to do justice to the beauty and excitement of this lovely book. Apart from anything else, Elizabeth's exploration of the house at night—the gradual dawn of her bitter and beautiful fate—could not be forgotten by anyone who had read it.

The middle section of the book—the years spent *chez* M. Lerat—are, I think, a mistake. Here the book suddenly becomes realistic in the wrong sense—that of M. Green's earlier work; and one suspects the episode of having been inserted to make the book longer. The translation is so good that one is only occasionally (and then inevitably) aware that it is a translation at all.

Edward Sackville West

DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS

Arctic Adventure. By Peter Freuchen. *Heinemann.* 21s.
Tibetan Journey. By Alexandra David-Neel. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.
Adventure in Algeria. By Brian Stuart. *Herbert Jenkins.* 10s. 6d.
Ride on the Wind. By Francis Chichester. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Every year one reads the same complaint: there are no more journeys to be done. All the deserts have been crossed, all the islands have been explored, all the mountains climbed, all the forests desecrated by expeditionary slang and footprints. The world has grown small and stale. Rubbernecks go to Samarkand, and where rubbernecks have not stared, Mr. Peter Fleming has debunked. Well, the enterprise and courage required for spectacular feats of land travel has, perhaps, fewer opportunities nowadays and the world is probably full of out-of-work Elizabethans driven to slick-tongued satire. Yet mysteriously every year produces its two or three excellent books of travel by people who evidently have found no staleness in the world, who seem to have found one more outlandish corner to report on and who (more important than anything else) have preserved a capacity for intense or curious experience.

Mr. Freuchen is one of these. He is a Dane. His account of his life among the Greenland Eskimos is the most engrossing and extraordinary thing I have read for a long time; simple, rich in its material, most intimately informed and crowded with startling adventure. He was fortunate in his subject: the daily life of the Eskimo is interesting enough in itself, but has the dramatic advantage of being lived in a scene where struggle for survival against incalculable conditions does not relax for one moment. The Arctic weeds out the weaklings, says Mr. Freuchen. Weed is a gentle term for the attack of blizzard, the sudden opening of crevasses before and behind the traveller, the sagging of snow bridges which swing or crumble as his foot touches them, the treacherous thinning of sea ice around icebergs, and all the yawnings and bindings of sudden thaw or freeze. And these things are to be pictured in a treeless wilderness under darkness for half the year, with wolves, bears and man preying on each other as the never-far-off ghost of starvation stalks them.

This kind of background has been described often enough in

Pioneers of the Modern Movement

From William Morris to Walter Gropius

Nicolaus Pevsner

'The connection between Pre-Raphaelite, Van de Velde, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, Loos, and the Modern Movement is traced with knowledge and prudence . . . excellently illustrated . . . it will be very welcome as the story of how modern architecture passed from a series of fleeting nightmares into a state of sanity and reason. I recommend it.'—HAROLD NICOLSON: *Daily Telegraph.*

With 80 illustrations 10/6

Father Struck it Rich

Evalyn Walsh McLean

• **Evening Standard** *Book of the Month*

'TERRIFIC is the only word for *Father Struck it Rich*, a first-class gusher of an autobiography—deserves to sell in millions.'—*Observer.* 'The frankest account I have ever read of how a person, having great wealth to dispose of, used it to play the fool—immensely important and interesting.'—HOWARD SPRING: *Evening Standard.*

With 27 illustrations 12/6

The Wind Blows Over

Walter de la Mare

Mr. de la Mare's first volume of short stories since *On the Edge*, 1930—apart from the volume of fairy stories, *The Lord Fish*. 'An experience of a rarer kind. Exemplifies to a remarkable degree the varied aspects of his art as a story teller.'—*The Times. Book Society and Book Guild Recommendation* 8/6

Also a signed edition, limited to seventy-five copies *Three guineas*

Will Mariner

Boyle T. Somerville

Admiral Somerville, whose assassination at his Irish home was such a shock, had just finished this fascinating book, based on a true record of adventure incredible in its variety and excitement. *Illustrated* 10/6

Sweden—*The Middle Way*

Marquis W. Childs

A complete and stimulating survey of the co-operative movement in Sweden—a country which, perhaps more than any other, reconciles liberty and the pursuit of happiness with the common good: an example of the greatest importance. *Illustrated* 10/6

Trial and Error

Loughborough Ball

An intimate review of the Fire Conspiracy Case by the Assessor who, despite innocence, was himself involved. 'Extremely interesting.'—*Manchester Guardian.* 'His attempted vindication cannot be put aside lightly.'—*Observer.* 7/6

River of Golden Sand

Thomas Woodrooffe

The author of *Naval Odyssey*, such an instant success, has done the impossible and gone one better in this amusing and thrilling story of two years' service in a British gunboat on the Yangtze. 8/6

Dance of the Quick and the Dead

Sacheverell Sitwell

An Entertainment of the Imagination which the author considers his most satisfactory work. The illustrations are a delight. *Book Society Recommendation* 15/-

Matabele Thompson

An Autobiography by

F. R. Thompson

Breathless adventure in South Africa. 'Rich in dramatic episodes that would be the envy of any writer. The most valuable contribution to the history of our time is his portrait of Rhodes.'—*The Times. Illustrated* 12/6

Justice of the Peace

Leo Page

Few people, not directly concerned, realize the enormous importance of the magistracy, or the extent of its powers. This much-needed book, written out of long experience and serious reflection, is intended for two classes of readers: magistrates (and potential magistrates) and thinking men and women, who are interested in social problems. Mr. Page's treatment of the problems presented by juvenile offenders—a matter in which he himself has always been specially interested—is an outstanding illustration of 'sense and sensibility'. 8/6

polar books. Mr. Freuchen's great advantage is that he does not write as the cheery if harassed amateur, who can, God willing, get out when he wants. Mr. Freuchen has been in Greenland since he left Copenhagen in 1906. He "went native" with the Eskimos, married among them a delightful wife and treated the place as his native land. He sees the struggle from the inside, and he must be one of the few Europeans who really know the Eskimos well. One of the many pleasant things about these people is the absence of any warlike tradition in them—one hears of no local wars. Murder apart—and it seems to be kept in its proper place, the home—conduct appears to be governed by elaborate devices for preventing what is, for the Eskimo, the much greater horror of embarrassment! One finds a strange marriage of the public school never-show-your-feelings training, very natural to people of action, with the utmost delicacies of Chinese euphemism. "It is not impossible," said Mr. Freuchen's Eskimo father-in-law, feeling he was about to die, "It is not impossible that someone is going to sleep and keep on sleeping." So wives hide when their husbands return from months of absence, lest a public display of emotion should make the men look ridiculous; ask to be beaten lest the husbands should be thought weak; but are in trade, of course, the brains of the partnership. The horror of weakness in a community living on the heroic scale is natural. The tiring explorer has often imagined the Eskimos were deserting him when they left him behind; actually they were tactfully moving on so that he would not be embarrassed by their seeing his weakness. In a similar dilemma with a lagging explorer, Mr. Freuchen urged him on by cracking a whip in his ears! This was the wretched American Wulf, who was not hard enough for the Arctic and who perished in a later journey, abandoned by the Eskimos, who could not believe that he would not follow them.

The suppression of emotion in public in the interests of the values of action has its compensation in periodical outbursts of frenzied religious emotion. Mr. Freuchen was present at one propitiatory orgy in which one of the elders did a very Buddhist vanishing trick and set the Eskimos about stripping off their furs and running naked in fiery exaltation into the snow. These shy friendly people, who sing songs of glad welcome to the winter darkness because they hate the light, whose chief delight is to go around to each other's huts and gossip continually when they cannot hunt, who—living without money—go through an elaborate pretence of running down their own goods when they are bartering, and who are known to eat the furs off their backs when their white world gives them no food—are capable of the religious frenzies of any negro sweltering naked in the tropics.

Mr. Freuchen's book is packed with portraits and life stories. He is a character on the great and simple scale, a little naive, but shrewd, patient and warm-hearted and without any of the strong man's overbearing literary manners. Beside him Mrs. Alexandra David-Neel of *Tibetan Journey* is more subtle, a trifle pernickety, but in her own world not less original. There is at first something irresistibly amusing in the idea of an English-woman convert to Buddhism setting out across Tibet in the company of her adopted son—"an authentic Tibetan Lama," and attended by a troupe of inferior Lamaist clergy for servants. But the religious are good travellers. Nothing gains an entry so quickly as holiness, and Mrs. David-Neel, staying in huts and inns, was called upon to perform all kinds of minor religious duties. To her Buddhism she has added the English lady's inevitable views on hygiene, and it is amusing to see her ingeniously stretching the faith in order to insinuate sanity. She has a genuine sympathy and a sensibility rare among travellers. There was the usual talk of bandits on the road, there were the usual awkward moments in suspicious villages, but she knew when to strike and when to withhold. One meets the Tibetan variation of Eskimo ceremonial self-protection. A man was executed and the body was left on the road with one of the man's relations standing by. He apologised, when she passed by, for being caught incorrectly dressed beside a corpse! *Tibetan Journey* is the fruit of an exacting experience among obscure people and their secrets. And Mrs. David-Neel can write.

From Tibet we move on to the Foreign Legion, and I must confess at once to an almost Eskimo shyness when I pick up a book about this force. Mr. Brian Stuart's dinner-jacket, his Oriental Princess at the Lido, his old-school-tie-adventurer air and his "proud" and "jolly" touches, did not seem in my line at all. He has, however, written a much better book than one expected, and he has had some genuine adventure. He liked the Foreign Legion and warmly defends it. It is not made up of ex-cracksmen, nor (in spite of one or two characters) is it particularly romantic. The worst thing about it is the food, but no doubt fire-eaters are expected to live on fire. Mr. Stuart had to leave at the height of his enjoyment because of his eyesight. After this he tried to get from Oran across the Sahara to the Gold Coast. He did not succeed, but he had an entertaining rough run for his money and has a good deal that is interesting to say about the people.

Cheerfulness declines with Mr. Chichester, a young airman who describes a risky and trying flight from Sydney to Japan; and I suppose a heightening of tension and fraying nerves are inevitable among long-distance fliers. There are a few ecstatic moments in the notes which he made as he flew, to relieve the inexpressible boredom of flying, but the main feeling is one of anxiety. As a limited revelation of the flying mind and its curious concerns, the book has some interest. It is intelligent but not engrossing.

V. S. Pritchett

OUT OF THE PIT

Out of the Pit. By John Newsom. *Blackwell.* 3s. 6d.

Readers of this book should make a special attempt to get themselves in the right frame of mind to appreciate its worth. Let them first glance over some of the speeches, say, of Mr. Runciman ("The home market is saturated") or Sir Samuel Hoare ("We do not need Fascism, we give the people prosperity") or even Mr. Baldwin himself ("I regard the new relief scales as fair and generous"). Then let them turn with all the powers of restraint they can muster to this simple account of what the scourge of unemployment means in terms of human suffering and human degradation. Anyone of normal instincts will certainly agree with the author's claim that his book is a challenge to the comfortable.

Let the reader turn, for instance, to an unemployed man's description of what economic crisis means to him:

> There's not much hope for me and I'm only thirty-five. Somebody asked my youngster what he wanted to be when he grew up, and he said he wanted to work on the dole like his father. Funny, wasn't it? But it hurt me something cruel when I thought it over. Of course with so many out of work in the village I don't feel so different from the others as I would if I lived in a big town, but the dependence on others on the dole gets me down. . . . Then there's my wife. I hang about too much and get in her way, she says she wonders why she ever married me and even why we ever had kids. When she's nervy she threatens to do herself in, and once she swallowed twenty aspirins, thinking it would finish her off.

Or if the critic suggests that such isolated cases may obviously occur even in the best regulated societies, let him read the author's own sober account of life in a Durham village:

> The house was one of a row of forty, all similar in build, and three men in the street were employed. Ten had not worked for five years, twelve for three, six young men of 18 to 23 had never worked since they left school. Fourteen children were tubercular, four men received disability pensions, six women had more than eight children, and the average number of people sleeping in a room was five. The village had no shops, no Public meeting place, no Playground, no cinema or public house. The total population was approximately 500. One hundred and ten were insured workers and eighteen were employed intermittently in a colliery three miles distant. Their earnings averaged one and eightpence more than they would have received from the Public Assistance Committee.

After reading such extracts the cynic might conclude that a depressed area is an ideal device specifically invented to stifle that sense of responsibility which the author of this book seeks to awaken. It segregates depression and prevents the rest of the public from realising the havoc which the system entails. The average elector is, in fact, as much interested in the lot of our fellow-countrymen described in this book as he is in the economic future of the desert peoples of the Sahara. Legislators in London can hardly be expected to concern themselves with devastation as far away as Durham. Action has, of course, been proposed and ameliorative measures have been taken. The susceptible conscience of the twentieth century would never permit the full brunt of industrial depression to be borne by the individuals engaged in the heartrending task of looking for a job that isn't there. In our generosity we have decreed that the burden should fall on an unemployed man's family. Depression is the responsibility neither of the individual nor the State. Yet when mines are closed and workers disbanded someone or something must suffer. What better than that sacred, old, English institution, the family?

NELSON

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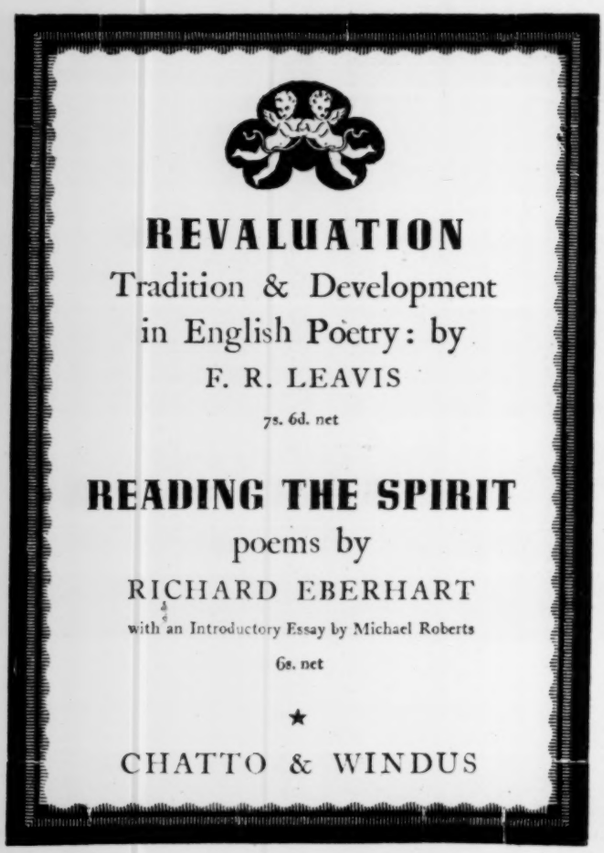
With impartial justice, therefore, by the operation of the Means Test and a carefully modulated rating system, we have successfully ensured that whole communities shall be smitten down to the same dead level of subsistence. Poverty is no longer a crime for which the individual bears the sole responsibility as it was in the last century, but the poor still keep the poor. Such generalisations will no doubt be denounced as unfair. Something is being done for the depressed areas and Sir Samuel Hoare has boasted that twenty millions' worth of armament orders have gone to the most hardly hit districts; Durham and South Wales are to be given a temporary respite before the final holocaust comes, like the murderer who is allowed to choose what he will have for breakfast the day before he is going to be hanged.

The merit of this book is that it uncovers these facts about what is happening in our own country, facts which our present rulers would apparently have us forget. If, however, the only impression which the reader receives is one of disfigured lives and thwarted happiness his memory will soon become dimmed. Something more is required than a vague sympathetic feeling for the victims of industrial distress. We must realise that a distressed area is not a sign of capitalist failure. It is the final tribute to capitalist success. The process whereby whole areas are stricken with poverty and ruin is not the result of some queer unaccountable accident to be cured by a measure of goodwill and a little forethought. It is rather the inevitable result of that subtle reaction to the laws of supply and demand which capitalist economists describe in the language of romance. If coal cannot make profits it is worthless, even though little children are sent shivering to bed because there is no fire in the grate. Broken families and derelict communities are true indications of capitalist development, as necessary and evident as the institution of new factories on by-pass out of London. Should a capitalist government adopt the remedial measures which Mr. Newsom suggests, give pensions at fifty-five, raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, plan the location of industry, subordinate producers' profits to consumers' needs, the whole profit system would become disrupted. The book, therefore, is much more than a challenge to the comfortable. It is a challenge to our resolution to overhaul the whole mechanism on which our own lives are based. Once upon a time in the days of its youth the capitalist system had a justification all its own; if profits were reaped unchecked, human needs would in the long run be automatically satisfied. Squalor, disease, child-labour and slumdom soon suggested that the argument was not really so foolproof. To-day the depressed areas have finally given the lie to that specious philosophy. Oliver Goldsmith was right after all; it really is possible that wealth may accumulate while men decay.

Michael Foot



VARIETIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Shall Angels Weep Again? By Mary Needham. *Herbert Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
New Horizons. By Olga Tchernoff. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*
Man No Good. By Rikard Bell. *Hurst and Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
I Live a Queer Life. By Vsevolod Ivanov. *Lovat Dickson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Once upon a time the writing of autobiography was usually deferred until the age when the past is long, the future short, and it seems improbable that there will be much of importance to add to the story of a life. Perhaps it is because the conception of what autobiography is has changed that this is no longer the custom. Those who indulge in it now are not expected to write their lives. They are allowed to limit themselves to the story of a few outstanding experiences. Many modern autobiographers plunge straight into them, without pausing to tell the reader when and where they were born, what they recall of their childhood—all those background details with which their predecessors filled pages.

Mrs. Needham's autobiography begins with the reproduction of a conversation with her husband, an American journalist, in the garden of an inn at Haslemere in July, 1914. In Fleet Street that day there had been but one topic—war, and war was the subject of the conversation. Mrs. Needham could not believe that war in Europe was imminent. "My whole education and training had been contrary to the idea that in our 'advanced civilisation' such a disaster, as a war with many nations involved, could occur. Therein did we, the average individuals of 1914, differ from the average individuals of to-day." For a long time this "average individual" accepted the disaster as inevitable. She records in detail how she came to see that it was not—"nothing inevitable about it, except as made so by ourselves." Considering the difficulty, or should I say the impossibility, of recording impressions of the past, as they were, and not as they have become, changed by the change in ourselves, Mrs. Needham is remarkably successful in describing what she thought and felt while the war was going on, in returning to her old angle of approach. Her book is a valuable contribution to the history of the war years, although all she claims for it is that it is the history of an attitude of mind. She shows clearly that her intelligent and well-reasoned hatred of war did not spring from the sufferings it brought her between 1914 and 1918. (Her husband was killed with Lieutenant Warneford, the Zeppelin-destroyer, in an aeroplane crash at Buc.) The Peace of Versailles was at the root of it. "What a peace! What a revelation of anything but peace!"

In *New Horizons* there is a similar concentration on one period in a life's history. Like Mrs. Needham, Madame Tchernoff seems fully conscious that writers of autobiographies which have an historical character should try to keep them free from the taint of fiction. I am not sure that the long conversations which Mrs. Needham interpolates in her narrative are wholly free from it, and I detect it in Madame Tchernoff's description of the last days of the Cossack leader, Ermolaeff, in the prison where she also was confined during the war between the Bolsheviks and the Green Army. "Memories of his previous existence came flooding into his cell; the sun and wind, childhood games, long days full of the sound of the accordion . . . the tarry smell of new boots and harness, the whistling of shot." And a lot more like that. But such lapses into imaginative speculation are rare in Madame Tchernoff's narrative of her experiences in Russia, the majority of them as a prisoner, during the first years of the Revolution. As the wife of Victor Tchernoff, Minister of Agriculture in the Provisional Government, she was brought into close contact with the leaders of the "Reds" and the "Social Revolutionaries," and is able to write of the struggle between them for power from personal observation. It was, she thinks, a battle for the supremacy of the people against the dictatorship of the proletariat. "But 'supremacy of the people' is a vague and complex conception . . . whereas the idea of a dictatorship

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is clear and simple. That intangible principle, forced to fight against something real and concrete, was the vulnerable point of the Democrats." Madame Tchernoff, who wrote her book in French, is not to blame for the clumsy way in which this explanation of Lenin's success is put. It is only fair to add that her translator can do better. The lively, colloquial translation of the conversations between Madame Tchernoff and her fellow prisoners has its share in compelling belief in their veracity. Hustled from prison to prison in the days of the "Red Terror," Madame Tchernoff became the confidante of women of all sorts and conditions—prostitutes, thieves, spies, peasants, aristocrats, intellectuals. Her autobiography is really a series of brief but vivid biographies. It is by no means doleful reading, and ends on a note of Dostoievskyish exaltation. "He is happiest who bears with him the immense riches of the tragedy he has lived through."

Why Mr. Rikard Bell puts his own name on the title-page of his autobiography and uses the pseudonym "Clarke Jameson" elsewhere, he does not explain. Being uncertain whether to refer to him as "Bell" or "Jameson," I had better call him "the author." The author, then, after throwing a little light on the social position and character of his parents, whose failure to do or to be anything extraordinary was a spur to his determination to get out of the rut of mediocrity, proceeds to describe his experiences as an overseer of native labour on a copra plantation in the Pacific Isles. "I can't imagine why it is that most white folk will not accept the fact that the native does not *want* to work for anyone, and that the only way to make him do so is by some form of coercion." The author got results by his form of coercion. He convinces us that he was very efficient at the job of "running coons." While engaged in it he studied their manners, customs, morals and characteristics, got to know the native mind as, he boasts, few white men know it. The author is a "tough guy" and proud of it. He writes with contempt of anyone who is not "tough," and holds unscrupulousness, ruthlessness and selfishness up to admiration. That is, until his "Envoi," where he reveals a doubt that these are virtues in the sentimental question: "What decent English girl will want to marry and bear children to a man with a past like mine?"

At the Gate Theatre a few years ago I saw a play about Russian life written by an Englishman. The author's object was to out-Russian the Russians, and those members of the audience who knew something of Russian novels and plays felt that it had been very mirthfully achieved. I have been reminded of it by Vsevolod Ivanov's "extraordinary autobiography," *I Live a Queer Life.*

"I imagine," Mr. Ivanov writes towards the end of the book, "that the reader himself will guess where I have been inventing or boasting." I confess I have been stumped. Throughout I felt I was reading the adventures of Baron Munchausen told in a burlesque of the Russian manner. Being all at sea as to what to say about this autobiographical extravaganza, I will quote its publisher. "A touch of Cervantes, a bit of Mark Twain, more than a suspicion of James Stephens, a dash of Rabelais and something of the irresponsibility of William Gerhardi."

Christopher St. John

Socialism

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in The Manchester Guardian

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JONATHAN CAPE

ISLANDS AND CONTINENTS

Japan. By Grace James. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.
Land of To-morrow. By R. W. Thompson. *Duckworth.* 16s.
Three Deserts. By C. S. Jarvis. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.
More Travels and Adventures in Mongolia. By H. Haslund. *Kegan Paul.* 6s.
Riptide in the South Seas. By Willard Price. *Heinemann.* 15s.

One might say of the authors of the first three books on the list that they are typically British. No three people could be less alike.

Miss James is the daughter of one of those British naval officers who soon after the Meije revolution went out to train the Japanese cadets. In *La Bataille* Claude Farrère drew a picture of a man in this service, and sinister he made him: cynical, cool seducer, capable, however, of proving by one fatal gesture that he put a certain primitive sense of honour before life. Captain James—what a contrast!—was a person of such evangelical austerity of manners that he must, one feels, have adopted his profession under some misapprehension as to what guns are fired for. The reader has to control repeated impressions that Captain James was in Japan for the good of the inhabitants' souls—preparing the young sailors for confirmation rather than the Day of Tshushima.

His daughter Grace, a writer of unusual literary sense and personal sensibility, with no toughness apparent in her, wholeheartedly liked the scenes of her childhood and the men and women who peopled them. So we get what is fairly rare, a book by a British writer giving a convincing friendly account of the Japanese. The exquisiteness of this enigmatical race has lately somehow come to seem cancelled by their furious aim to transform themselves into a modern nation. In this they are succeeding, as we all know, but to say modern nation is not to say Western nation. Miss James thinks they are not likely to become grasping in the Western way. This is all very well, but is not the peculiar patriotic *délicatesse* which impels them to commit suicide for what strike us as such odd reasons as alarming a quality as avarice?

Miss James, at any rate, remembers kindness, courtesy and goodwill prevailing in all sections of the people among whom she and her parents and the splendid Ah Kai, the children's Chinese nurse, lived, "in a small way." She has a sort of Jane Austen modesty and attentiveness to detail, and if she was to have ended her book better than she began, as Dr. Johnson's criterion of excellence requires, history would have had to take a different turn, and details worth an artist's attention have kept their relative value in the Japan of to-day.

Mr. Thompson is British almost to the point of being a Britisher. From this judgment of him as all but *pukka*, Major Jarvis, our third author, would probably dissent, since Mr. Thompson's opinions, unlike his manner, would better suit a highbrow than the adventurer who rolls down to Rio. It was as a matter of fact to Montevideo that he rolled, accompanied by his wife, on a tramp steamer. He visited Paraguay and Bolivia, and ends a rather garrulous but readable book with an account of the cruel Chaco war. This actually ended with the triumph of Right—Estigarribia and his Paraguayans—over Might, that is, the far more numerous and well armed Bolivians under the mercenary German general Kundt. "We have lost two armies," the Bolivian minister Sainz admitted in October, 1934, "but we have got a third equally good. . . ." It is not only in modernised mystical Japan that respect for human life is not very deep. Efforts were made several times to stop the war. The would-be peacemakers, in their

Bury Him Darkly

Birmingham Post: "Mr. Henry Wade is a detective-story writer of some parts and experience. *Bury Him Darkly* shows him at his best. Once the reader's attention is caught it stays caught to the end of a tale as ingenious as it is elaborate."

London Mercury: "A carefully woven story of burglary in Bond Street and double murder to cover it; with a well-mixed, human group of detective colleagues in pursuit."

by
HENRY WADE
Author of
No Friendly Drop, Heir Presumptive, etc.
7′6

The Uncounted Hour

by H. WARNER ALLEN 7′6

A new detective story by the joint author of *Trent's Own Case*—**the most successful "crime" novel of 1936.**

Jellow Mortals

by WINIFRED WILLIAMS 7′6

Yorkshire Post: "Well-observed and readable sketches of people short of love, work, wits, interest, opportunity, fun and money. Mrs. Williams can depict her fellow mortals' sufferings with sympathy and acumen."

The Seven Deadly Virtues

In a Glass Darkly: Various Heavens
A Play Sequence
by HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON 7′6

Morning Post: "Mr. Williamson's work reveals a very lively intelligence. His dialogue is excellent. Undoubtedly he is a dramatist to be reckoned with."

From a Surgeon's Journal 18′-

1915-1918, by HARVEY CUSHING, M.D.

Lancet: "This journal, kept by a man who has both the opportunity of seeing and hearing matters of importance, and the ability to give vivid expression to his observations and reflections, provides fascinating reading."

Foster-Girl

by JOHN METCALFE 8′6

This is John Metcalfe's first full-length novel since *Arm's Length* (1930). It will be clear to readers of *Foster-Girl* why it has been so long in the writing, for so scrupulously fashioned a work is not hastily achieved.

The Fourth Pig

by NAOMI MITCHISON 7′6

Punch: "It is a fine mixed collection with, as might be expected from an author so ingenious and versatile, many patches of beauty and of vivid imagination."

A Royalist's Notebook

The Commonplace Book of Sir John Oglander, Kt., of Nunwell. Transcribed and Edited by
FRANCIS BAMFORD 10′-

Morning Post: "A notable and delicious book ... enchanting to read for its honesty and sap, and most human variety."

Obiter Scripta *Reviews, Essays, etc.*

by GEORGE SANTAYANA 10′-
Edited by J. Buchler and B. Schwartz

Times Literary Supplement: "The editors of this collection of essays and reviews deserve thanks from all lovers of good letters."

We Were Seven

by
WILLIAM FRYER HARVEY
with photographs and drawings. 8′6

Friend: "A charming and most original book on one of the best-loved Quaker families of our time. I do not know of any other record like this, so photographic in its accuracy and yet so full of life.

"The book—a wonderful gift to this generation—is illustrated with a coloured frontispiece, early photographs and especially with a series of amusing line drawings by the author."

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THE QUEST FOR CATHAY

Sir Percy Sykes

A vivid and original account of one of the greatest events of the Middle Ages, the discovery of Cathay, the China of to-day. The author is not only a scholar and historian, but also an explorer who knows his ground intimately. The adventures of the early explorers from ancient times to the days of the Polos are illuminated by the comments of a trained observer following in their footsteps. With 17 plates and 9 maps. 15*s. net*

BRITISH PONIES

Allen W. Seaby

A very good-looking book, 8½ by 11 inches, with 120 illustrations by the author. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

"He is among the best of our naturalists. *British Ponies* is a triumph of art, and the children are as charming as the ponies when he depicts the ridden and not the wild animal." SIR WM. BEACH THOMAS.

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A comprehensive book of practical advice by one of the leading women of Fleet Street. 3*s.* 6*d. net*

THE ARTIST IN COMMERCE

Leonard Sharpe

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PEASANT COSTUME IN EUROPE: BOOK II

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Decorative examples in colour and line of complete costumes, embroidery design, headdress, shoes, aprons, jewellery and other traditional characteristics. 8 colour plates and 64 pages of line drawings. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

[Book I, now in a second edition at 7s. 6d. net, illustrates the national costume of France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Central Europe, Sweden, Russia.]

guileful or artless efforts to rob the Paraguayans of their victory, left some stones unturned, but not many.

It would hardly be too high praise for Major Jarvis to say that parts of his book read as entertainingly as P. G. Wodehouse. Governor of Sinai, a believer in authority standing in very little awe of the authorities, he sounds like a good man to have by one in a tight corner. Philistine but amateur of flowers, an awkward opponent but a useful and reliable ally, he is a dog-lover of the most bare-faced sentimental kind. He would no doubt go on loving dogs even if he was not deaf and could hear them bark. "Why are they called dumb animals?" Burne-Jones once asked in distress, making in his mild way one of the few recorded British protests against dog-loving. A good thing in Major Jarvis' book is his description of the great campaign in Sinai against the locusts. In spite of the Governor's admirable generalship this showed signs of failing, when, on the arrival of the insect vanguard in the garden of the Egyptian Ministry of Finance, the munitions so urgently needed were promptly and lavishly supplied. In a word, the enemies of England might glance at these three books if they cared to make a new assessment of the national character. They will discover over again that they confront a race that is both tough and resilient, not just the one or the other. If the Major Jarvises could be cured of their Wodehouse humour, the Mr. Thompsons of their liberal enthusiasms, the Miss Jameses of their power of sympathy, the British as a whole might be more manageable, more calculable, because more set. They are past hope. In his *A Passage to India* (which is at last being a little more widely read, having come out in a sixpenny edition) Mr. Forster makes the girl who is the cause of all the trouble behave in a wholly unforeseen way at the crisis, and keep, as one might say, the flag flying. What he implies in that situation is true to life.

Mr. Haslund's book has been edited for young readers by Miss Graham, who has done her work well. Mr. Haslund, a Swede, has undertaken some very risky expeditions in Central Asia. I have not read him in the grown-up edition, but I surmise that some traces of nervous strain might have found their way into it. They have—if I am correct—been eliminated by Miss Graham. The present book suggests endurance but not waverings of the spirit, adult symptoms which "young readers" do not take into account when they think or read about Adventure; Miss Graham's procedure in such respects is psychologically very good.

Alas that the South Seas can sound as little Arcadian as they do from Mr. Willard Price's narration. The Micronesian natives are highly promiscuous, "but they do not seem over-sensual. On the contrary, they give an impression of modesty and restraint. One is led to the conclusion that their looseness is due, not to over-emphasis upon sex, but to under-emphasis. They regard sex as a mere incident. . . ." These monkey-at-the-zoo morals are not an inspiring basis for culture. The people do not even produce many babies—it is their Japanese masters who do that, and soon the mandated islands will become Japanese by right of pro genitiveness. The author adduces facts and figures from which one deduces more or less disagreeable political conclusions. It is all rather depressing. Perhaps if he had lived among either the Yaps or the Japs (if they will excuse me) "in rather a small way," like Miss James, he would have told another tale.

PAUL BLOOMFIELD

TOPICAL MORALITY

The Ascent of F6. By W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Faber.* 6*s.*

Messrs. Auden and Isherwood have pumped life into a dead literary form. They are producing the contemporary equivalents of *The World and the Child* and the *Castell of Perseverance*. Mr. T. S. Eliot imagined he was doing something similar when he wrote *Murder in the Cathedral* and *The Rock*. Actually he was working within the framework of the same literary tradition but refusing to pack it with modern significance. Traditional Christianity was still the source of his inspiration. Auden and Isherwood are the only men writing topical moralities—plays which present and comment on urgent problems affecting society and the individual and use allegory and symbolism to hammer home their point.

The Ascent of F6 is a two-act tragedy about a young climber who, driven on by his desire for fame and the unfair pleading of his mother, goes off on a mountain-climbing expedition which only serves the completely sordid ends of the Colonial Office. He is the central figure of the play. In the brief weeks between accepting the mission and dying on the summit of F6—the name map-makers gave to the mountain—he lives through the prime tragedy of these days: the self-immolation of a good individual in the service of capitalism.

Auden is still angry about the frightful civilisation of suburbia, still compassionate towards the people caught up in it. Mr. and Mrs. A. are here the voices of the public. They comment as a chorus throughout the action. They live in a little suburban box, starved of colour and excitement, and hear on the wireless every night:

> The glib justification of the sorry act.
> The frantic washing of the grimy fact.
> But nothing to bring a smile to the face.
> Nothing to make us proud of our race.

Duped by cinema, press and radio, they snatch at the vicarious thrill offered by Ransom's expedition, take it at its face value, and, at the end, gaze on his monument with proprietary pride. When they speak Auden uses a jingle rhythm, nervous idiom and slang, managing to catch with them all the inarticulate bitterness and unexpressed desires of the £4-a-week suburban man and his wife who read of Paris, Venice and the "grey Dalmatian ports," but only get

> . . . the fortnight in August or early September,
> The boarding-house food, the boarding-house faces,
> The rain-spoilt picnics in the windswept-places,
> The camera lost and the suspicion,
> The failure in the putting competition.

It is Mr. A. who uses the magnificently compact phrase—"the girl imprisoned in the tower of a stammer." In the passages where Ransom and his mother speak in verse Auden has written some of the best rhetorical poetry of this generation. In particular, there is the speech by Ransom which closes the fourth scene of the second act. Press Lords, Generals, Politicians—they are still the villains of Auden's world, but there is an increase in the subtlety and restraint with which he handles them. They are still inhuman, monstrous puppets—which is just as it should be in a morality play.

JOHN BEEVERS

How strong and steadfast those without
The least uncertainty or doubt.
How enviable seems the lot
Of him who knows just what is what.

The above is a much reduced page from Clarence Day's volume of drawings and rhymes—YESTERDAY IS TO-DAY. Here is the contemporary social scene pilloried by a unique humorist and satirist. Ask your bookseller to show you a copy—it costs only 5/- and is unusual value. BORISWOOD

TWELVE WEEKS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD . . .

might—without either inaccuracy or presumption—be the title of Frank Pitcairn's remarkable and, yes, heart-breaking book, which we publish at what is called the modest price of 2*s.* 6*d.* Its real title is *Reporter in Spain.* An extract from it, by the way, was published in this journal last week. It has an Introduction by Ralph Bates.

No true historian of the Russian Revolution has ever been able to work without John Reed's famous *Ten Days That Shook the World* at his elbow. None will be able to understand the true story of the Spanish civil war without Frank Pitcairn's *Reporter in Spain* open on the table before his eyes.

Here are all the facets of that noble struggle which the people of Spain are fighting on your behalf and on mine against the overwhelming forces of international reaction. Yes, all the facets, written by a man who is lots of things tumbled together in one body.

Let's see what he is. He is (and if you don't believe us, go ask the Editor of *The Times* newspaper) one of the most brilliant and objective newspaper men this country has produced for many a long day. Yes, he's that, and more. He has a correct political understanding of the situation in Spain; where a revolution by Fascist thugs against the established order of things has become a national war of the people of Spain on one side; and on the other Fascist Europe.

Upon the side of the midget pervert who commands the Fascist forces by permission of some others we could name, the Government of this country has thrown its weight.

Pitcairn leaves no doubt upon this point. As a militia man on the northern front he knows what it means to hold a German air-fleet at bay with eight rounds of ammunition per man and out of date rifles when there are any to be had.

Why? Because this government of ours forbids Spanish people to defend themselves, knowing damned well that Germany and Italy and Portugal (sitting on the non-intervention committee as though butter would not melt nor blood run in their mouths) take no care even to conceal the aid they are pleased to lend to the assassins of the Spanish people.

Frank Pitcairn

This book does something to you: spiritual claustrophobia? We don't know; call it what you will. In the direct and unsentimental writing which characterises *Reporter in Spain* there is a heart-breaking picture of the simple bravery of simple men who are willing to die for you and me even though they know that it is you and I who forbid them to defend themselves.

We are not concerned here to pull plums out of this book. We are telling you what we know about its sum total; and, since we are concerned to sell it, not only for our own profit but that the people of this country may realise what is going on, we would like you to get on your hind legs and tell the boys about it.

Here is the truth, seen through the eyes of a newspaper man trained to write objectively of what he's seen. He's seen plenty.

It may add to your interest in the book when we tell you that while you are reading it the author will be fighting your battle in Spain.

We can't all do that, God knows; although, incidentally, "they" have no right to stop you if you wish to go over and enlist.

What the man who stayed at home can, however, do, is to get himself right about what's going on in Spain. He can then do what he can to bring to an end the iniquity of what is called non-intervention. Even as we write these words Foreign Minister del Vayo is laying specific charges of intervention against Hitler, Mussolini and Salazar.

We're willing to bet that unless the people of this country get up and shout, the Government won't hear those charges. This book will make you want

SPAIN

HUNGER MARCHERS — CAPITALISTS — SOVIET UNION

to get up and shout, so if you feel that history is no concern of yours and if you don't really care what happens to you and your children, don't bother to read it.

You others, remember, 2*s.* 6*d.* called *Reporter in Spain* and written by Frank Pitcairn. And, of course, published by us. Booksellers know all about it. October 10th.

Unemployed Struggles, 1919–1936, by Wal Hannington. Few readers of THE NEW STATESMAN can know the problems of an unemployed man with a family. It is easy enough to guess at the individualist, and opportunist, expedients he might be expected to try out. "If I was unemployed, why . . ." The plain truth is unemployment is NOT an individual dilemma, but a constant two million evil inherent in the disease of the system. Furthermore, an evil which the system is unable to avoid but only to allay in part. The number of hunger marches on London is evidence of this. This realisation, at any rate, was the basis of the formation of the N.U.W.M., the aim of which is to fight a living for the unemployed man out of the system; until his problem is solved.

The story of this book of Hannington's is largely the story of the N.U.W.M. The author has been the leader of this movement during the period, and writes with first hand knowledge, directness, and humour. Many of the pages in this book will come as a shock and a surprise to the average reader. This book is also a unique contribution to social history, a fully documented record of Government policy. (November 1st. Illustrated. 10*s.* 6*d.*).

As a contribution to civilisation, threatened on every hand, we publish a book of hope called *Britain without Capitalists*, 8*s.* 6*d.* We reproduce this review from the *Financial News*, a bow from the City :—

"Despite its rather alarming title, this book is decidedly stimulating. Written by an anonymous group of 'about a dozen economists, scientists and technicians,' it deals with our major industries as they are (i.e., run for profit), and with how they might be organised and conducted in a Socialist Britain.

"The book is probably quite the best of its kind that has so far appeared. Most of the authors evidently know a good deal about their subject, and all show signs of having personally suffered that sense of frustration which is the result of close contact with vested interests. Indeed, many people with different political views from those expressed by the authors have frequently experienced the same feelings. The result is that we have plansters and Utopians in abundance, but few qualified to do so have previously expressed themselves with such vigour. . . .

"There are nine separate 'industrial' sections to the book, prefaced by a section on 'the economic system as a whole' to tie the work together.

"The advantage of the authors' line of approach (and their anonymity) is a refreshing absence of restraint. Consequently the reader can probably learn more about the inner character and significance of some of the less desirable features of our major industries from this volume than from any dozen other books. Whatever the authors' conclusions from the social and political angle may be, their economic criticisms must carry considerable weight. By far the greater part of this big volume is devoted to a well-documented indictment of the inefficiencies, wasteful methods and frustration which are to be found throughout industry, agriculture, distribution and scientific research. These the authors endeavour to prove are the direct outcome of production for profit . . . for defenders of the existing social system the book is likely to prove one of the finest tonics that has come their way for a long time. . . .

"But the book has a definite interest for a much wider public. The authors' criticisms are rich in suggestions, indications of future developments and general trends. Ideas—the ideas of men who know their subject pretty well and who have thought deeply about it."

Britain without Capitalists.

THE SOVIET CONSTITUTION.—Annotated by Pat Sloan; Introduction by Sidney Webb; Forewords by H. J. Laski, George Hicks, Sir Bernard Pares, Prof. Gilbert Murray, Norman Angell, etc. 2*s.* 6*d.* Here is the draft Constitution explained and the new points brought out. This November discussions as to its final form will take place. This book is necessary to help to an understanding of the points involved, as well as a document of primary political importance. (*Ready*).

THE SOVIET UNION AND THE PATH TO PEACE. 3*s.* 6*d.* A collection of documents showing the consistent and splendid fight put up by the Soviet Union ever since 1917 for peace. (*Ready*). This is the reply to Nuremberg, to the *Daily Mail* and to those who doubt. Lenin, Stalin, Litvinoff, etc., are represented.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT STALIN.—M. Romm. 15*s.* The mountain block of the Pamirs, which face Afghanistan, and of which Mount Stalin is the highest, have been largely unknown. Here is the story of a successful effort to capture a peak in the Everest class. Adventure, mountaineering—and politically minded persons can see in it evidence of the new geography of the Soviet Union, planned exploration. (*November*).

MEN, MEDICINE AND FOOD IN THE SOVIET UNION.—F. Le Gros Clark and L. Noel Brinton. 6*s.* This is an objective study of the topic of nutrition in the Soviet Union. Written by experts in the subject in this country (Mr. Clark is Secretary of the Committee on Malnutrition), it covers the whole field, based on a personal visit. (*November*).

SCENES FROM SOVIET LIFE.—W. P. and Z. Coates. 5*s.* The Secretary of the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee is well known as an authority. Here he describes all that happened in a recent tour of the Soviet Union. He went everywhere he wished, the language was no obstacle; he talked direct to people in every sphere. Enthralling and informative. Illustrated. (*November*).

THE EYE

devotes itself—it is the only paper to do so—to a review of all left literature. The Gazette has a high reputation. The October number has a report by an artist who served on the barricades in Cable Street.

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Selected List of Forthcoming Books

There are about 700 titles in this list of forthcoming books. Most of them will be published during the autumn, and the rest in early spring. They represent only perhaps one-twentieth of the total number of books to be published during that period, so that inevitably a certain number of good books, written by unknown authors, have been omitted. There is no method of dowsing by which we can infallibly spot a good first novel in a publisher's catalogue; although the title of the book and its description by a publisher may provide some indication. In the absence of any knowledge about an author, we can only go on the publisher's "form": an illustrated book by Batsford, for example, a Nonesuch edition, a Cambridge history and a Faber poet are almost certain to be good of their kind. Fiction is obviously the most difficult to choose from, because a novel stands or falls by its author's merit, whereas even a mediocre biography or travel book has the interest of its subject. Our fiction list is, therefore, slightly shorter than last year's (though as many novels as ever are being published). Biography and Travel are rather longer.

ANTHROPOLOGY, ARCHAEOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY

Gregory Bateson. Naven. *Cambridge.* 25s.
F. A. Brooke. The Science of Social Development. *Watts.* 12s. 6d.
Raymond Firth. Art and Life in New Guinea. *Studio.*
Raymond Firth. We, the Tikopia. *Allen and Unwin.* 30s.
Sir James George Frazer. Aftermath. *Macmillan.*
Layard. Stone Men of Malekula. Vol. I VAO. *Chatto and Windus.* 21s.
L. S. B. Leakey. Stone Age Africa. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.
J. R. B. Love. Stone-age Bushmen of To-day. *Blackie.* 8s. 6d.
Sir Richmond Palmer. The Bornu Sahara and Sudan. *Murray.* 42s.
E. E. Evans-Pritchard. Witchcraft, Oracles, and Magic Among the Azande. *Oxford.* 21s.
Paul Schebesta. Revisiting My Pygmy Hosts. *Hutchinson.* 18s.
R. R. Schmidt. The Dawn of the Human Mind. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 12s. 6d.
Edwin W. Smith. African Beliefs and Christian Faith. *Lutterworth Press.* 4s. 6d.
J. Whatmough. The Foundations of Roman Italy. *Methuen.* 25s.

ART AND FINE EDITIONS

Walter Abell. Representation and Form. *Scribners.* 12s. 6d.
Friedrich Antal. Florentine Painting and Its Social Background. *Chatto and Windus.* £2 2s.
Peter Arno. For Members Only. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.
H. E. Bates and Agnes Miller Parker. Through the Woods. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
Sir Reginald Blomfield. Three Hundred Years of French Architecture, 1494–1794. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.
Margaret H. Bulley. Art and Understanding. *Batsford.* 15s.
The Chinese Exhibition. *Faber.* £3 3s.
R. Crompton. Modern Design in Embroidery. *Batsford.* 8s. 6d.
England's Greater Churches. *Batsford.* 3s. 6d.
E. N. Exton and F. H. Littman. Modern Furniture. *Boriswood.* 6s.
Claude Flight. Christmas and Other Feasts and Festivals. *Routledge.* 5s.
Gordon Forsyth. Twentieth Century Ceramics. *Studio.*
C. J. Gadd. The Stones of Assyria. *Chatto and Windus.* £2 2s.
Gustav Glück. Pictures from the Paintings of Bruegel. *Williams and Norgate.* £3 10s.
A. C. Haddon and Laura E. Start. Iban or Sea Dayak Fabrics and their Patterns. *Cambridge.* 25s.
Jiro Harada. The Lesson of Japanese Architecture. *Studio.*
Walter Hege and Gerhard Rodenwaldt. Olympia. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 21s.
W. Johnstone. Creative Art in England. *Stanley Nott.* 15s.
Adolf Loos. Selected Essays. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Kathleen Mann. Peasant Costume in Europe. *Black.* 12s. 6d.
Dr. August L. Mayer. Velasquez. *Faber.* £6 6s.
Raymond McGrath and A. G. Frost. Twentieth-Century Interiors. *Faber.* 21s.
Designs by Oliver Messel. William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. *Batsford.* 21s.
Helen Huss Pankhurst. Cathedral. *Davies.* 15s.
Derek Patmore. I Decorate My Home. *Putnam.* 8s. 6d.
N. Pevsner. Pioneers of the Modern Movement. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.
Arthur C. Pillsbury. The Miracle of Nature in Pictures. *Lippincott.* 12s. 6d.
A. E. Richardson and Hector O. Corfiato. The Art of Architecture. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25s.
Paul Rotha. Movie Parade. *Studio.* 10s. 6d.
Edited by Edmund Schilling. Drawings of the Early German Masters. *Faber.* 6s.
Sir Claud Schuster. Alpine Wonderland. *Chapman and Hall.* 18s.
Sacheverell Sitwell. Conversation Pieces. *Batsford.* 21s.
Roger Smithells. Modern Small Country Houses. *Country Life.* 15s.
H. Speed. What is the Good of Art? *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.
H. Avray Tipping. English Homes (Periods I and II). Vol. 2. *Country Life.* £3 4s.
Monroe Wheeler. Modern Painters and Sculptors as Illustrators. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Bill Adams. Ships and Women. *Davies.* 10s. 6d.
Jennie W. Aberdein. John Galt. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.
James Agate. Ego II. *Gollancz.* 18s.
Lena Ashwell. Myself the Player. *Joseph.* 15s.
Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon. The Life of John Rushworth Earl Jellicoe. *Cassell.* 25s.
Dr. Cyril Bailey. Francis Fortescue Urquhart. *Macmillan.* 6s.
E. H. M. Balfour-Melville. James I, King of Scots. *Methuen.* 15s.
Edited by A. Tilney Bassett. Gladstone to His Wife. *Methuen.* 15s.
A. A. Baumann. Personalities. *Macmillan.* 6s.
Clifford Bax. Ideas and People. *Lovat Dickson.* 10s. 6d.
Hilaire Belloc. G. K. Chesterton. *Cassell.* 5s.
E. F. Benson. The Kaiser and English Relations. *Longmans.* 16s.
Sir David Hunter Blair. A Last Medley of Memories. *Edward Arnold.* 16s.
Léon Bloy. Letters to His Fiancée. *Sheed and Ward.* 5s.
Edmund Blunden. Keats's Publisher: a Memoir of John Taylor. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
Hector Bolitho. Marie Tempest. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 18s.
J. B. Booth. Bits of Character. *Hutchinson.* 18s.
X. M. Boulestin. Myself, My Two Countries. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.
Joseph Braddock. Bright Ghost. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.
John Brophy. Four Fateful Years. *Barker.* 15s.
A. K. Bruce. Erasmus and Holbein. *Muller.* 5s.
Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. The Torrington Diaries. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 18s.
Arthur Bryant. Postman's Horn. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.
Robert Burnett. Gauguin. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10s. 6d.
Edited by M. St. Clare Byrne. The Letters of Henry VIII. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.
Ian Calvin. The Life of Lord Carson. Vol. III. *Gollancz.* 18s.
Com. A. B. Campbell. With the Corners Off. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.
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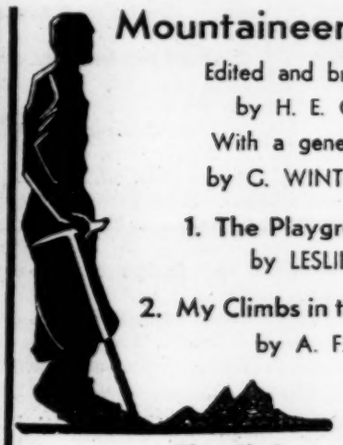

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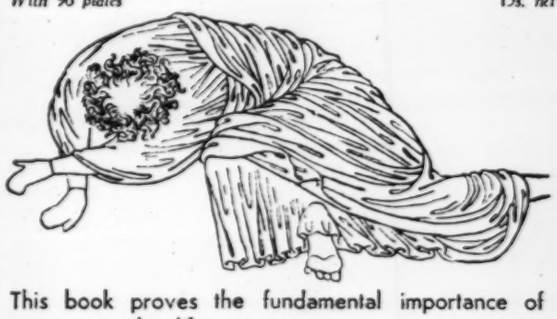

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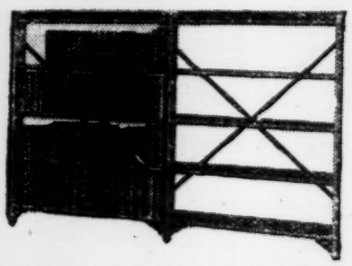

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LEVIATHAN

Ulysses. By JAMES JOYCE. Cover design by ERIC GILL. *Lane.* Limited edition, £6 6s. (signed), and £3 3s.

Ulysses was originally published by Shakespeare and Company, of Paris, in 1922. Since then it has run through many editions; it has been confiscated, banned, burnt, read and re-read, translated into half a dozen languages. The first English edition appeared rather suddenly last week. It is a handsome volume, bound in buckram and printed on vellum paper, which those who can afford it will prefer to the old pale-blue directory smuggled through the Customs. The list of misprints has disappeared from the end; instead, there is an appendix giving the legal history of *Ulysses* in America. These documents are extraordinarily interesting, for they reveal the rare case of a book condemned for its obscenity being afterwards reclaimed by the weight of literary opinion. (Remember that in a similar case tried recently in an English court the magistrate refused to hear expert critical evidence for the defence.) Sooner or later, of course, unless the book dies naturally, this is bound to happen; but it may take a long time. The rehabilitation of *Ulysses* in 1933, thirteen years after the original ban, must have come as a surprise to many who have read Joyce's novel and who know the attitude of the law, English and American, on the subject. Any book, in the words of Lord Campbell's Act, is obscene which "tends to corrupt those who are open to corruption"; and that means, literally, any book at all. The Bible and the dictionary are prime corrupters of youth. *Idylls of the King*, *Sartor Resartus* and *Sesame and Lilies* are cited by the author of a recent work on medical psychology as books which his patients mentioned for their erotic appeal. The *intention* of a writer is regarded by the law as unimportant. It may seem incredible to-day that *Madame Bovary* was attacked as an offence against public decency, and described by the public prosecutor as a "lascivious" book written in order to "glorify adultery"; but all such cases are brought in an atmosphere of distortion and panic. Flaubert was lucky in his judges and won his case. Mr. Joyce has been even more lucky. The decision of the New York Court by Judge Woolsey, reprinted here, is remarkable for its detachment and critical intelligence.

> I have read *Ulysses* once in its entirety and I have read those passages of which the Government particularly complains several times. In fact, for many weeks, my spare time has been devoted to the consideration of the decision which my duty would require me to make in this matter. *Ulysses* is not an easy book to read or to understand. But there has been much written about it, and in order properly to approach the consideration of it it is advisable to read a number of other books which have now become its satellites. The study of *Ulysses* is, therefore, a heavy task. The reputation of *Ulysses* in the literary world, however, warranted my taking such time as was necessary to satisfy myself as to the intent with which the book was written. . . .

What judge or magistrate has ever before admitted the necessity of understanding the work of art on which he is to pass judgment? (It was a trial without jury, of course.) Judge Woolsey goes on to say that he does not detect anywhere in *Ulysses* "the leer of the sensualist," in spite of its unusual frankness, and therefore it is not pornographic. He reviews the book at some length, commenting on its originality, on the "astonishing success" of its method, and the integrity of the author. To test the value of his own impressions he consulted separately two friends who had read *Ulysses* and whose "opinion on life and literature" he valued highly: note again the insistence on an aesthetic as well as a moral valuation.

> I was interested to find that they both agreed with my opinion: that reading *Ulysses* in its entirety, as a book must be read on such a test as this, did not tend to excite sexual impulses or lustful thoughts but that its net effect on them was only that of a somewhat tragic and very powerful commentary on the inner lives of men and women. It is only with the normal person that the law is concerned. Such a test as I have described, therefore, is the only proper test of obscenity in the case of a book like *Ulysses*, which is a sincere and serious attempt to devise a new literary method for the observation and description of mankind. I am quite aware that owing to some of its scenes *Ulysses* is a rather strong draught to ask some sensitive, though normal, persons to take. But my considered opinion, after long reflection, is that whilst in many places the effect of *Ulysses* on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac. *Ulysses* may therefore be admitted to the United States.

It is the tone we might expect from a critic writing a review, or from an intelligent man in conversation, but in a court of law it is unexpected. Since the decision was upheld on appeal, I assume that it interprets the law correctly, though the reference to "normal persons" makes me wonder what twelve normal rate-payers would have made of *Ulysses* if it had been flourished under their noses in a jury box and shot at them in snippets by indignant counsel. The importance of Judge Woolsey's decision, if we compare it with similar judgments in the past, is tremendous. It sets a new standard of dignity in cases of prosecution for literary obscenity. The only sentence which might possibly excite a smile from posterity is the statement that "in respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of Joyce's characters, it must be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring."

Ulysses itself remains a monstrous and fascinating book. What has surprised me most, re-reading it, is that the word "classical" should ever have been brought up by Joyce's more fervent admirers. No book for centuries has been so wildly, so elaborately and grotesquely twirled. Having been given the classical key to *Ulysses*, we may as well throw it away. Or—to vary the metaphor—it is as though we were asked to look at a building and to notice particularly the criss-cross of a builder's framework which years ago has been taken down. That is all, so far as I can see, that the Homeric structure, elaborately expounded by Messrs. Larbaud and Gilbert, amounts to. Joyce himself is well aware that the classical obsession, though necessary for writing the book, is not part of it. This passage is obviously autobiographical:

> Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.
> —They drove his wits away, he said, by visions of hell. He will never capture the Attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet.

We may take *Chamber Music* and *Pomes Pennyeach* as the attempt at "the Attic note," by way of the English classicists, Jonson and Dryden. They are curiously perfect, dead little poems. *Ulysses* is the repository of a whole corpus of unwritten poetry, doggerel as it bobs to the surface of the mind, soliloquies of a modern Hamlet, phrases and fag-ends of lines, the brooding commentary of Stephen Daedalus and the Bouvard-like reveries of Bloom. In the opening pages there are more passages of blank verse than in any other English prose-writer except Dickens. The effect of a pensive melancholy, overflowing the pointillist detail of the style, is curious, new, and perhaps the most original of the many original contributions of *Ulysses* to literature. Old Mother Grogan, who brings the milk in the morning:

> He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayor, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

That is a very fair specimen of the prose in the early part of the book. It interrupts a boisterous conversation. Note even in this short passage how Joyce mixes his effects. The sixth sentence ("Crouching by a patient cow, etc."), so packed and pictorial, might have been written by Flaubert. It is situated surprisingly in the middle of slow musical sentences, almost metrical in their

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lull, which end in fact with several lines of blank verse. The whole passage communicates, as well as its picture of the old woman, the brooding temper of Stephen Daedalus. There are Hellenisms, but the note is not Attic.

Poetry, then, in all its forms, from the embryonic to the purple, is what strikes one first on a re-reading. Next, the amazing use of parody. Joyce uses a mixture of parody and pastiche in order to achieve effects of his own, and not only the Oxford Book of English prose, but newspapers, novelettes, scientific reports, advertisements are echoed ironically to suit the scene. The famous chapter of parodies (" The Oxen of the Sun ") I have read for the first time straight through. It is an extraordinary fantasia, beginning with Beowulf and ending with polyglot slang, in which the language at times obliterates the characters and their setting. A group of medicos are carousing in the room of a hospital while upstairs a woman gives birth to a child. To express the idea of growth, the style moves up the centuries: a typically Joycean idea of " correspondences," the only value of which here is that it provides him with an excellent chance for virtuoso writing. Some of it is extremely funny (Lamb and Carlyle), some of it funny and beautiful at the same time (Bunyan), and hardly a page is without some interest above mere virtuosity. The echo of De Quincey (recognisable but strangely unlike its original) has a terrifying grandeur.

> . . . Elk and yak, the Bulls of Bashan and of Babylon, mammoth and mastodon, they come trooping to the sunken sea. *Lacus Mortis.* Ominous, revengeful, zodiacal hosts! They moan, passing upon the clouds, horned and capricorned, the trumpeted and the tusked, the lionmaned the giantantlered, snouter and crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm, all their moving, moaning multitude, murderers of the sun.

Joyce is a master of all styles, but he is not a stylist. His disgust with life extends also to literature; and in a sense *Ulysses* is a bonfire of literature, a glowing revenge. The process is carried still further in *Work in Progress*, where no one but the author finally can enter.

Yet along with the gigantic literary preoccupation of *Ulysses*, and saving it from Euphuism, there is Joyce's encyclopaedic love of fact. About some of the characters—Bloom, for example—we are told everything, from their thoughts to the tram tickets in their pockets. And as the two hundred or so characters file across the pages, the whole of Dublin with its narrow smoky streets seems to rise. Mr. Frank Budgen relates that when he was walking once with Joyce in Trieste, and they reached the university terrace overlooking the town, Joyce turned to him and said: " I want to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book." Like most of his quoted remarks this one is intensely egotistic. Yes, Joyce has the egotism, without the charm, of Sterne; *Ulysses* is *Tristram Shandy* written by a Brobdingnagian.

G. W. STONIER

THE LITTLE MAN

What is America? By HERBERT AGAR. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Agar's thesis is that there is a true America which has not given in to the cosmopolitan civilisation of New York or the Get-Rich-Quickly display of Hollywood. The heart of America, he tells us, is to be found in the Mississippi Valley, in that large Middle West and Southern area where people still till and love their own land in spite of subsidies and mortgages. After months of travelling in this area, Mr. Agar believes that many farmers sighed with relief when the slump ended the evil dream that the land was just a kind of factory out of which you might make a fortune; they still in their hearts believe in the land as a way of life and not only as a way of making a living. Just as one may find in provincial France independent and happy shopkeepers, who prefer to knock off early and spend the evening sitting in a café rather than in hectically searching for smarter ways of beggaring their neighbours, so Mr. Agar finds over large tracts of America people who appreciate the reality of freedom, which comes, in his view, from the security of small property and the culture that grows out of one's own district and language.

Mr. Agar is a distributist; he believes in private property and hates Big Business. His enemy—he follows Spengler—is " civilisation," the soulless cosmopolitanism which has no roots and leads to moral and economic destruction. Local cultures may be real; " civilisation " is a fake which destroys faith in anything for which men will live or die. It is controlled by high finance, which must be despised by everyone since the exposure of its corruption and poltroonery in the big slump. " It is nice," Mr. Agar remarks, " that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Charles Mitchell should, during a troublesome year, be free of income tax; but that is not the kind of freedom for which men greet death with a song."

In applying this Chester-Belloc thesis to the United States, Mr. Agar gives a brilliant sketch of the evolution of political ideas in America, a withering description of New York society and American poverty, and an excellent incidental picture of contemporary England (which he finds the nicest country in the world, in spite of Lancashire and the Black Country and the neglected soil). He ends with an exceptionally interesting analysis of current American politics. He passionately desires the return of President Roosevelt because the Republican Party has sold out completely to finance-capital, while the Democratic Party is still to some extent influenced by those elements in America which Jefferson once championed against Hamilton and which Mr. Agar believes still to be alive in the Middle West and South. Once capitalism has reached the stage that it has achieved in England, Mr. Agar seems to despair of the return to the freedom of the individual small ownership. Europe may be condemned to the choice between some type of Fascism or Communism, both of which he detests. But he clings desperately to the hope that there is still enough private ownership in the United States to overthrow the control of Big Business and re-establish the essentials of Jeffersonian democracy.

I cannot help doubting if this book is as important as it is admirable. Mr. Agar is something of a philosopher and an economist, and he has a rare mastery of vigorous English. He is above all, an historian, and he knows America and its past as very few Americans do. The book is full of pithy sayings and unusual knowledge. But I find it very difficult to believe that Mr. Agar's programme will be put into effect. He makes as much as he can of the return to self-respect among farmers who were led astray by Mr. Hoover's trashy dream of an America made blessed by having " two cars in every garage," and he gives examples of poets and writers who have refused the lure of New York civilisation

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preferring to interpret the culture of their own States. We shall see how much substance there is in all this when the next boom comes. I hope Mr. Agar is right, but I fear that he is persuading himself. On me the principal effect of his book is to make me anxious to explore the Middle West, and I think it will affect other people in the same way.

In one revealing passage Mr. Agar anticipates the criticism that his book takes little account of the proletariat. He makes the weak retort that even to-day the proletariat scarcely exists in the United States, since the workers are still largely bourgeois in aspiration and outlook and that therefore what he says of the desire for small property ownership applies to the factory-hand and miner just as much as to the shopkeeper and farmer. If Mr. Agar had considered this point more carefully, he might have achieved a deeper analysis. Communism is to him the desperate alternative to which men must come if the release from Big Business cannot be achieved in any other way. (He does not make the error of thinking that Fascism achieves this release.) But he detests Communism because he thinks it destroys private property. In this, even if we define property in the narrow sense of land ownership, I think Mr. Agar may be wrong. In Russia the early attempts at complete Communism have long been abandoned: the average collective farm to-day is a co-operative organisation for working huge tracts of land in an economical way surrounded by small holdings in which each peasant raises his own produce and sells it freely for the price he can get. Does not this fit Mr. Agar's thesis? He is willing to allow the main necessarily monopolistic services to be run by the State as long as the small man may own and trade within that framework. Russian economy is now developing towards the same goal.

Mr. Agar has cleared his mind of the confusion that still exacerbates much of our politics—the confusion about the word property. It all dates from John Locke who, living in a still predominantly peasant society, urged that every man had the right to own the product of his own labour. In the long struggle of the bourgeoisie against the remnants of feudalism, property and liberty were necessarily related. The industrial revolution brought a remarkable confusion. Property in shares, property in the ownership of mining royalties, is still defended as necessary to liberty. But it is exactly the opposite of property in Locke's sense. It is the ownership, not of the fruits of one's own labour but of the fruits of the labour of others. It is that property in other people's labour that Socialism attacks. Indeed, one very good description of Socialism is that it is a way of redistributing property to those who earn it by their labour. Without this redistribution, Mr. Agar rightly sees, freedom is impossible. But to maintain the definition of property as small proprietorship is to live in the days of Locke. We cannot all work on the land or keep grocer's shops. How in Mr. Agar's world is the factory worker to enjoy the freedom of independent ownership? Only, I suggest, if the factory is publicly owned and if the workers in it are guaranteed security and a fair share of the social product.

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VISIONS OF PAST AND PRESENT

Dance of the Quick and the Dead. By SACHEVERE SITWELL. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.* LL

Only Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell could have written—or, for that matter, would have dreamed of attempting—this extraordinary book. In everything that he does, Mr. Sitwell is highly imaginative, strongly individual, nobly regardless of humdrum restrictions; and in *Dance of the Quick and the Dead* Mr. Sitwell has broken his previous record, launching out into a prolonged imaginative flight that circles around a hundred subjects, swerves through innumerable digressions, skims from the present to the remotest past, rapidly turns in mid-career and goes flitting back again. Let us admit that the book has little *direction*. That is to say, it has no logical or prosaic excuse for the abrupt transitions that are so curious a feature of the author's method. Such consistency as the book possesses is entirely poetic. Mr. Sitwell's temperament is its own justification; and it is the temperament of the writer that gives his book its peculiar and almost indefinable charm, harmonising the strange mixture of fact and reverie. Its success can best be gauged by the reader's enjoyment. To explain the plan would be difficult; and the first chapter, in which Mr. Sitwell himself tries to give some indication of his scope and purpose, is one of the least satisfactory pieces of writing in the whole volume. "The chief problem before the author (he observes, in the penultimate paragraph), has been to create for himself the opportunities he needed for the kind of writing that comes easy to him. His problem was how to give vitality to the past while combining it with what an experimental writer of our time has called the 'continuous present'." Personally—though here is an explanation that Mr. Sitwell does not put forward in his prologue—I should have thought that modern political conditions had had something to do with the genesis of his new undertaking. As calamity threatens from every quarter, the past and its achievements stand up in greater clarity on the horizon, like far-off buildings silhouetted against an empurpled stormy sky: the frontiers between past and present are becoming unreal.

So much for a vague hint at the book's character. Otherwise, it must be sufficient to add that *Dance of the Quick and the Dead* is—to quote its sub-title—"An Entertainment of the Imagination"; and that it is divided between glimpses of human misery at its blackest—of that Inferno towards which humanity just now is making particularly expeditious strides—and of the imaginary paradises of spirit and sense. As in a series of dissolving transparencies, one scene, one period, one group of images melts into another. Mr. Sitwell's introductory section, *A Picture of the Present*, which deals with the approach of an age of leisure, discusses Picasso and Stravinsky, suggests that we should look for future inspiration to Bavaria and the Tyrol and, from the Tyrol, switches somewhat unexpectedly to the cultivation of auriculas, is at first sight perhaps a little bewildering. But in a second section, *The Triumph of Death*, prompted by a canvas of Breughel's, the book gets well under way; and from that point transparency follows transparency in smooth, almost unnoticeable, succession; for what we notice is not the subject-matter but the author's use of it. After *The Triumph of Death*, we embark on a chapter entitled *Paradiso;* and in this section Mr. Sitwell moves through a variety of lyrical episodes till he reaches the world of the Ajanta wall-paintings, and then turns aside to a contemplation of Watteau's famous *Gilles*, which leads him to Rossini, John Field (composer of the *Nocturnes*), Chopin, Schumann, and Deburau, the famous Parisian clown of the 'thirties and 'forties. But, if the pattern

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HARRAP

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of *The Episode of Gilles* is capricious and intricate, in *The Masqued Ball* Mr. Sitwell achieves some of his most involved and, incidentally, most beautiful effects. He begins with a mention of Restif de la Bretonne, next transports his readers to the jackdaw-peopled ruins of an Irish castle, shifts to Gavarni's delightful *Travestissements*, published in that best of all fashion-magazines, *La Mode*, reverts to Ireland, writes delightfully of Irish hermits who inhabited the rock of Skellig, Abyssinian anchorites on the shores of Lake Tana and Central-Asian lamaseries, shoots back to the landscape of Tipperary, presents us with three or four exquisite paragraphs describing *The Ghost Upon the Stepping Stones*, and pursues his course by way of Tchaikovsky, coral atolls, the Maoris, the extinct Great Moa, concluding with a further tribute to Gavarni's genius.

From the above summary—necessarily very brief and, since it suppresses the delicate "bridge-passages," inevitably rather unjust—it will be obvious that *Dance of the Quick and the Dead* is a book that will appeal very strongly to some tastes, but not at all to others; since it demands a specialised type of appreciation. The reader, for example, must share Mr. Sitwell's own love of miscellaneous knowledge. Mr. Sitwell is a kind of Marco Polo of the imagination who, after travelling through a wilderness of guide-books, histories, travellers' tales, old-fashioned musical biographies, brings home a huge cargo of exotic treasure-trove and then proceeds to arrange and adapt it as suits him best. Much of the information collected in his new volume is extremely fascinating; and, in his fifth section, *Purgatorio*, he builds up an unforgettable picture of the Victorian prison-system, both in England—at Wandsworth, where for a time the prisoners wore beak-like visors covering the whole face—and among the abominable prison-camps of the Antipodes. On visions of this sort Mr. Sitwell dwells with the horrified, yet delighted, minuteness of a medieval Flemish painter. One of the most refreshing and remarkable characteristics of his style is the gusto with which he springs from image to image, the spontaneity and directness that informs his choice of words. Admirers of *Southern Baroque Art* and *All Summer in a Day* will find that his new book contains passages as vivid and suggestive as anything he has yet written. The volume has been admirably produced and contains no less than thirty magnificent illustrations. PETER QUENNELL

FAR EASTERN PROBLEMS

Manchoukuo: Jewel of Asia. (With Illustrations.) By D. M. B. COLLIER and LT.-COL. C. L'ESTRANGE MALONE. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The aim of this book, as the authors tell us, is to present a picture of Manchoukuo and its people, "without championing the claims of any nation or party, or advancing any particular policy." As a work of art the picture is open to some criticism. The paint is too thick here and too thin there; there are faults in perspective and in the arrangement of detail on the vast canvas. We are bewildered by a gossipy historical summary which covers a period of more than 4,000 years in less than 3,000 words, and we are bewildered again by frequent and rapid skips from one place to another and one thing to another—from politics to pagodas, from Mr. Pu Yi's coronation ceremonies to currency reform and railway development. But with all its defects the book is full of interest and of valuable information.

Manchoukuo (so the authors decide to call it, "without prejudice"), if it is "the Jewel of Asia," is evidently a jewel which needs a deal of polishing. Its population of 35,000,000 is a mixture of Manchus, Chinese immigrants, nomadic Mongols, and Japanese settlers—largely of the baser, and even criminal, sort, we are told—with a big sprinkling, in the towns particularly, of Russian refugees. Four-fifths of the people are engaged in agriculture, and live at a deplorably low standard. Their manners and customs are primitive and often repulsive; they are almost wholly illiterate. They are the constant prey of the bandits, professional and amateur; and many who have been lucky enough to escape these have been robbed or maltreated by the Japanese soldiery. But if the inhabitants are poor, the country itself is rich in natural resources. All the world knows of the soya bean, which is not only a staple food of men and cattle and the main article of export, but whose oil serves for a variety of uses, for lighting and lubrication, for paint manufacture, for linoleum, as a substitute for butter and even for rubber. Beside the bean and other crops such as kaoliang and millet, there appears to be a considerable advance in wheat growing, and some believe

that Manchoukuo will presently be a wheat-producing area on a vast scale. The forests, too, properly exploited should be immensely profitable, and there is a wealth of minerals as yet barely tapped.

Visitors to the country record many signs of progress; railways and roads are being built, more and more factories and mills are springing up, and there are the faint beginnings of movements for social welfare. The Government has earned praise for its currency and taxation reforms, and there are hopes of an advance in education and public health. Our authors, while they look for a steady, and perhaps a rapid, progress under Japanese tutelage, are not uncritical of all Japan's actions and aims. They cannot shut their eyes to the dangers of Japanese militarism, or to the economic designs of Japanese civilians. It may well be the fate of the Manchurians, now that they have got competent instead of incompetent masters, to find themselves the victims of a ruthless imperialist exploitation. That the Japanese are competent no one denies. That they intend to remain masters—and exclusive masters—of their Manchoukuo, one had thought was likewise beyond dispute. But, according to this book, there is a "minority group" which insists that it is an independent State (though temporarily under Japanese protection), and believes apparently in the "rebirth of an Imperial China," at any rate north of the Yangtze, with its former Emperor, who is now by the grace of Japan Emperor of Manchoukuo, once more on the Dragon Throne. There is no evidence that that belief is held in Tokio. Tokio's plans for China are indeed patent. They include the establishment of another Japanese protectorate over the five Northern Provinces. These might, perhaps, be tacked on to Manchoukuo; but is it really to be imagined that that would give the puppet Emperor any more effective power?

On the Far Eastern problem as a whole, Miss Collier and Colonel Malone are rather uncertain guides. They touch on the secular struggle of Russia and Japan and the menace of war. They sympathise with China in her distresses, and they mix approval and disapproval of Japanese policies. They think that the assistance which China needs in reorganising herself must come mainly from Japan, and that Japan should give it "honestly." What does "honestly" mean? The Japanese have certainly been frank, not to say brutal, about their "co-operation" with China and the price they demand for it, both from the Chinese and from others. China is to be the junior—a very junior—partner, and the rest are to clear out. So far as Great Britain is concerned, our authors suggest that it may be better for her to work with rather than against Japan. It may be—or it may not. Of course, we do not want to fight Japan. But before we decide to work with her, it would be as well to know what we are going to work for. Is it to restore the fortunes and maintain the integrity of China? There is surely no ground for crediting the Japanese with any such altruistic notion. Is it to break up China and share the swag with Japan? If so—honesty and justice and suchlike trifles apart—a fine prospect of commitments and adventures opens before us in the Far East. C. M. L.

NEW NOVELS

Séraphine. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. *Grant Richards.* 7s. 6d.

Men Ask for Beauty. By ROSALIND WADE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

The Friendly Tree. By CECIL DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Laughing Gas. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

"To take notice only of the fact and mention that it was so," was Daniel Defoe's solemnly announced intent. That the fact (in his case) for the most part did not exist until he had noted it, was a Berkeleyan conclusion and one which, after a lifetime putting colour into circumstances and incident into local colour, he was presumably cynical enough to draw for himself. Where Mr. Meyerstein got his experience we are not told—probably not as a spy for the Independent Labour Party or as Secret Serviceman to Mr. Baldwin. Wherever it was, he has rediscovered a method of trimming a story with circumstantial evidence, and of giving his fictions a place to eat and sleep. *Séraphine* is the first part of an imaginary celebrity's autobiography. Imaginary she is—but so actual are her surroundings that one wonders from time to time if, after all, one had paid too little attention to the sensational newspapers, whether these rogues and vagabonds are not in fact the flashy folk seen in, say, Charing Cross Road, and whether this

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murder is not some "Holborn Murder Sensation," the memory of which had been repressed. For the lady's story, so lucidly and unemotionally told, has a setting of unknown common knowledge, and a perfectly genuine topography. Her patrons, one feels, rule the gossip columns of some paper one does not see; her friends must be those lesser criminals who fill the court reports, but who seldom achieve a position in a book of "Famous Cases." The allusions she makes are not to any of the public historians, but to a previous book by the same author (*Terence Duke*), in which are described the later adventures of Séraphine, the famous dancer.

For a dancer (she was an unconventional ballerina who studied with Maestro C. and afterwards worked alone with a solitary genius), Séraphine writes over well. In plain conversational tones she tells all and, if it had been a true history, sixty years in the cold vaults of the British Museum would be barely enough to cool for publication this story of blackguards and blackmail, sadism and masochism among her relations and acquaintances. Except on one occasion when she seems to regard a beating as causal, rather than symptomatic, of the mental illness that brought her brother to disaster, she draws (unlike Defoe) no moral from the wickedness that surrounds her, and takes no credit for the unbending course she steers, or for the personal integrity she somehow manages to preserve.

Like the Conversation Piece, biography is a limited art form, and one that depends for interest often enough on the picturesque qualities of its subject. A fictitious biography, like an imaginary conversation piece, gives pleasure in so far as one is able to appreciate the taste and fancy of its creator. Mr. Meyerstein fancies his dancer like a Bacchante by Etty, peoples the middle distance with more thugs than aesthetes, and covers the whole with a varnish of sadism—which eccentricity, we are told, is, like coloured drawings, very much to the English taste. The following extract, though it is a little unfair to a book which is on the whole remarkably sober, shows what a man of fancy can do towards brightening up a conversation piece:

> He had broken the world's record for the high jump while still at his public school and been birched for a flagrant breach of discipline on the last day but one of his last summer term, after he had pulled his first scholarship at Balliol, as well as a decisive catch in the two days' contest at Lords; he had defeated the South African heavy-weight champion in an after-dinner spar at a friend's house in Durban during a rest from big game shooting; climbed unpronounceable peaks, swum uncharted straits; and got through the last years of the war, evading the V.C. by a modest untruth, without loss of limb or change of outlook, but with a single lyric that had found its way into every British and American anthology.

And more of the same. It is the vein Séraphine reserves usually for Art, it is Ouida's, Ercles' and a tyrant's vein; it is a show of acrobatics in the middle distance.

Men Ask for Beauty has roots in a Hammersmith slum. Quite early in the book Miss Wade proclaims her faith: "No matter what be the year, the mood or the generation, Barrie's comedy may be relied upon to hold its audience by simple emotion, quiet humour and unobtrusive characterisation." All those in search of grand or complex passions, ribald fun or close attention to the performers may turn back here (page 98) if they have not done so already, for Miss Wade means to hold her readers by just that method. She loves the sweet young poor, and the affectionate tears which well up when they are mentioned make it hard for her to see them as more than generalised shapes who, by chance, live in an atmosphere of fried fish and are poor. Dorrie was a good girl. When "Something rose and broke in her" at a music hall, it was "no cheap and vulgar satisfaction at having landed her boy," but "a deep maternal tenderness." Her boy was a grocer's assistant with personality. The same qualities that helped him to sell custard powders to ladies who didn't want them, put him on the West-End stage; and, oh, what a success. Translated into the gilt standard, he forgot, sad to say, his humble beginnings. Smart folk are nasty folk; and, whatever failings they may have had before he left them, the people in Wassal Row became saintly after Bert's assumption by Society.

"He had seen too little of nature's artistry to take this miraculous glistening structure (a spider's web) for granted." He had indeed, for Bertie is kept on a string and led forcibly through a plot. By any tradition he was entitled to an "East, West, Hame's Best" ending, but Miss Wade for some reason or other chose the high Roman way. It is difficult to find a reason for anything in this book.

The Friendly Tree of Mr. Day Lewis's novel is itself a piece of whimsy belonging to a sensitive adolescent girl, a symbolic refuge from a very crass father's grievances. The book is divided into three sections, the first about this girl, the second about her marriage, and the third about her husband's behaviour after marriage. It might also have been split up into A pages and B pages. A for Action and all broken up into little bits; B for Brooding and all in one paragraph. So that readers can, if they will, separate Mr. Day Lewis's Dr. Jekyll from his Mr. Hyde, the poet's frenzies from the pseudonymous detective story writer's technical devices. "She had known at once it was a friend. It stood alone for one thing, dreaming in the long summer noons, in winter, stripped, intrepid, hardy." So much for poetic license on the Malvern Hills. "As for chocolates, you're too mean to buy me any. And when you do, you take all the biggest ones for yourself. Pah! you men make me seeck"—says the sophisticate £1,500 a year beauty who with her brother came to live in the Cotswold village near the tree. How merrily they chirrup, these sophisticates; she, you see, opens as a charmer of the light-heavyweight class. Later, in a bracken setting, she develops into a full-blown old-fashioned vamp. And her brother, the witty handsome fellow, writes detective stories and easily he routs in wordy war the poor stupid grumpy schoolmaster-father. One might almost think the author was on his side.

Mr. Wodehouse's goose has produced another golden egg. The new arrival (as eggs usually are) is very like its predecessors, but has the great virtue, for the consumer, of being new-laid. His work is one of those miracles of organic chemistry in which the whole is somehow greater than the sum of its parts. "Hullo, hullo, hullo. Here I am. Good afternoon, good afternoon. What a lovely day, what? Shall I sit here? Right ho. Shall I lean my head back? Right ho. Shall I open my mouth? Right ho." says this silly young man (a saintly character you notice) in the dentist's chair. Will it seem funny in December as it does in May? Perhaps not. But you will remember a lot of *Love's Labour's Lost* that is a dead loss from a comedy angle. This book will not make you whistle, but it stands at least a fair chance of making you laugh, which is more than can be said of the books higher up in this review. GRAHAM BELL

QUEENS

Maria Theresa. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. *Barker.* 10s.
The Scotland of Queen Mary and the Religious Wars. By AGNES MURE MACKENZIE. *Alexander Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

There was room for this biography of Maria Theresa, and it is good honest work—clear, straightforward and unassuming. We have had popular lives with more sparkle—indeed, so often that a quiet manner is no bad thing for a change. But it must be owned that Miss Goldsmith's subject puts her, this time, rather at a disadvantage: Maria Theresa cannot be made profoundly interesting, or, on the whole, sympathetic. There are few spectacles more exasperating than that of a really good woman forcing her own interests and views on other people, with the applause of her conscience. Miss Goldsmith has not sought refuge in merely guying the Habsburg Victoria, as she might have done; but she casts no veil over the fact that her heroine was a tartar.

Like other strong-minded women, Maria Theresa rigidly supported the *hausfrau* ideal for her sex in general. "You know," she wrote to her daughter, Marie Antoinette, "how strongly I feel on this subject. A wife is subject to her husband in everything; she should have no interests or occupations except to please and obey him." Yet, herself "formed for rule and dominion," she reduced the husband she doted on to pottering middle age in a few years. She was a most conscientious parent, and harried and oppressed the survivors among her sixteen children unmercifully. "It is my wish that the children are to eat everything set before them without making any objections. They are not to make any remarks about preferring this or that, or to discuss their food. . . Though Johanna has a repulsion against fish, no one is to give way to her. . . . All my children seem to have an aversion against fish, but they must all overcome this, there is to be no relenting. . . ." When they were grown up, and even married, she continued to write them "long, admonishing memoranda," including such agreeable hints as the following: "Your voice and speech are unpleasant enough as it is." This remark was to Caroline, who had just been married at fifteen, against her will, to the King of Naples, and who was finding marriage such hell that "but for her religion she would have killed herself rather than live like that for a week." Maria Theresa

took no notice, but went on disposing of her daughters on the same principle, and said on her death-bed, "I have sacrificed you all to God." By this she seems to have meant the Habsburg dynasty.

Her inconsiderateness in small matters was consummate: she insisted on her husband sharing her bedroom, though she always got up at four o'clock, and she had all the windows wide open in the coldest weather, "driving her entourage to despair." To set against this, she was a firm friend, lastingly grateful for service, and unwilling to get rid of her ministers when they became senile. "I preferred to suffer rather than to make any final decisions which would have harmed the reputation of another human being." Yet "though she admitted that much could be said against torturing prisoners, she refused to do away with this medieval cruelty simply because 'she was not keen about such great innovations.'"

One thing in her career *is* interesting, and to a degree sympathetic: her attempt—and failure—to combine politics with honest dealing. She was really an honest woman, and, moreover, had not been brought up to statesmanship; and then, a religious belief like hers admits harshness, but not duplicity, for that implies want of faith. She felt this, and struggled hard; but where the Habsburg dynasty was involved, faith got the worst of it. A Life that gave more distinctness to the conflict would take more hold on one; Miss Goldsmith's book has, also, some faults of arrangement, and a good deal of repetition. But it remains an excellent piece of work, for which the "general reader" will be grateful.

Miss Mackenzie is a specialist and a partisan. Her *Scotland of Queen Mary* is crammed with material from the sources: it is provocative to a degree, and abounds in "style," high lights, generalisings, dramatic obliquities—everything that Miss Goldsmith does not offer. Its subject is the affairs of Scotland from Flodden to the eve of the Civil War: Queen Mary, therefore, takes up much less room in the volume than on the title-page. But disappointed Mariolaters will find compensation: Miss Mackenzie sticks to their idol through thick and thin, and will not even allow that she was certainly in love with Bothwell—though, if she was, that was all right, too. We are given rather a taking theory of the Casket Letters:

> It is that Letter II, or its greater part, is not forged, in the sense that it is a real letter: that is to say, it was actually written, more or less as it stands, by a desperate woman plotting her husband's murder . . . but that, if it were really written to Bothwell, the writer was one of the numerous other ladies he had left behind him over several kingdoms. . . . A man who boasts of his *bonnes fortunes* might keep such a letter, out of vanity. I do not affirm that this theory is fact: but the only other one that is not contradicted by *either* the letter *or* the known facts of the trial is that Moray, Lethington, Cecil, and Elizabeth, all suffered from temporary insanity.

That seems a pretty good substitute for affirmation.

However, Miss Mackenzie's devotion is not to Queen Mary in particular, but to all the Stuarts. And it is largely justified, their opponents—Scottish nobles, and Calvinist divines—being such a set. As she points out, there is something oddly topical in the rise of the Scottish Kirk; indeed, the ascendancy of Melville, nominally *under* King James, was a kind of religious Fascism. The negative character of Left-wing enthusiasm has also its parallels in our own day. Readers will perhaps remember Thomas Mann's anti-Semite who "was no Jew, and that was his one positive characteristic." So with the left wing of the Kirk: they were not Papists. The cry of popery always raised them as one man. It was not necessary there should *be* popery—the nature and limits of which they had no idea of. (Everyone will think of the "red" scares in our own time, and the effect of the mere word on many excellent people.) Miss Mackenzie quotes Galt, whose gentle incumbent of Dalmailing referred to the crucifix as "that memento of Satan"; while Row, the historian of the Kirk, "considers that by taking the oath of obedience to his bishop, a man *obliges himself to be an incarnate devill*," and is scandalised by the use of "*the Paternoster in Inglish* (i.e., the Lord's Prayer, the explicit injunction of its Composer being cancelled by the fact that Catholics used it)." The indictment of the Bishops, in 1638, resembles nothing so much as Jew-baiting; they were charged in the first place with being bishops, and in addition with "bribery, simony, lying, perjury, dishonesty in bargains, abuse of their vassals, adultery, incest, 'and many other offences.'"

Yet Miss Mackenzie reluctantly condemns Charles I on the prayer-book issue—not as wrong, but as anti-national. For she is even more Scottish than Stuart in feeling. Writing of the Union, she describes England as "the defeated country," Scotland

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as "the victor . . . who *had placed* her own dynasty on the assailant's throne." Consequently, she says, the English even to this day suffer from an inferiority complex, which "seeks compensation in assuming that there was no defeat," and comes out in "such quaintly trivial discourtesies as the careful misnumbering, in official language, of Edward I . . . or the description of Thomas Carlyle as 'a great Englishman.'" I am ashamed to say that for a moment that first point completely baffled me. But perhaps the English may cheer themselves up, to some extent, by thinking of Cromwell, who, according to Andrew Lang, "effected what Plantagenets and Tudors could never do."

K. JOHN

HERE BE LIONS

Will Mariner. By VICE-ADMIRAL BOYLE T. SOMERVILLE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

El Jimmy. By HERBERT CHILDS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fortune My Foe. By J. P. R. WALLIS. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ordeal by Hunger. By GEORGE STEWART. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Elizabethan Seamen. By DOUGLAS BELL. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The appeal of the remote and the exotic in time, place, and human behaviour is recognised alike by romantic poets and film magnates. All these books deal with travel in little known country and touch on savagery. They will appeal in various degrees to those whose perfect vehicle of escape was *The Mutiny on the Bounty*. There are, however, many other readers whose reaction to travel, and even travel books, is that of the monitory medieval map-maker :—"Here be Lions, Do Not Go Here."

Will Mariner, or a True Record of Adventure is a good book. It is an account of the life of a thirteen year old who went to sea in a privateer in 1805 and after taking part in much authorised piracy and a little honest whaling was fortunate enough to escape the general massacre of his shipmates by Tongan Islanders and rose to the position of a Tongan chief before being rescued, aged nineteen, in 1810. The story is a genuine one and this re-telling is excellently free from exclamation marks. Admiral Somerville has taken his facts from the now rare book of Dr. John Martin, an early anthropologist who had the luck to meet young Mariner and cross-question him. The admiral's story is given further solidity by the fact that he knew the islands in question very well himself. The hero of the book seems to have been an extremely intelligent and resourceful young man who was unusually capable in bringing European knowledge and firearms to the ignorant islanders. He settled down to his new civilisation with a really remarkable amount of tolerance as well as courage, lived amongst the Tongans sensibly and well and left them with good advice and without having done them any great harm. On being rescued he became a stockbroker and had eleven children. How much Admiral Somerville has embellished history is not clear. Possibly the character of Will Mariner was less sympathetic in fact than he suggests. It does not really matter. The book is consistently interesting, and the picture of Tongan manners sober and convincing throughout.

El Jimmy is anecdotal and not unpleasantly sensational. El Jimmy left England after a little trouble about poaching and a girl, and became a gaucho in Patagonia. Here he rose to distinction as a very "hard case." He was unjustly imprisoned by a corrupt judge, escaped from prison and was long a noted outlaw. He married after much difficulty a Tehuelche Indian girl, and is still living in Patagonia. His exploits as horseman and tough have made him almost mythical in his adopted country. The author of this book has taken his story direct from the lips of its principal figure. Indian life is reported from the point of view of a brutal but on the whole well meaning gaucho. Here is a typical piece of ethnology: "Some authorities believe the Onas to have been Tehuelches who long ago crossed over from Patagonia to Tierra del, but how they got there is a mystery since neither Onas nor Tehuelches have boats. If the theory is correct there was a decided change in customs and ways of living as well as in stature and appearance. Jimmy hooted the idea; and when asked why, exclaimed: "Why, there's no comparison in the women, no-o-o. Why the Fueginos was like stuck pigs and the Tehuelches was A number one!"

Fortune My Foe is packed full of historical adventure, and is curiously dull. It is the story of Charles John Anderson, the explorer of Damaraland. He was a friend and companion of that strange and brilliant creature, Francis Galton, and achieved fame as the discoverer of a new route to Lake Ngami and exploiter of unknown Africa. He was a very unlucky man, and the fame which he had sought so ambitiously in his life came mostly after his death. His copious diaries give full details of his travels, and his life as hunter, trader, and naturalist has been lucidly related by Professor Wallis. Only, however, in the story of the struggle between the Damaras and the Hottentots, in which Anderson led the former, does the book become exciting. Anderson's qualities of single-mindedness and endurance were indeed remarkable, and his bad luck was equally so, but his life lacks "human interest." It may seem unreasonable to put this forward as a criticism of a book mainly concerned with geography, but its literary title and tone make the application of "common reader" standards unavoidable.

Ordeal By Hunger is a full history of the Donner Party. In 1846 several farmers and speculators with their families—eighty-seven souls in all—set out for California. They took the new "Hastings" route, were trapped by snow in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and were finally rescued by parties from California. Only forty-six got across alive. The story of the Donner Party is the classic case of the suffering of the American pioneer who went out West. It is an ugly story. To quote Mr. Eric Linklater's introduction it "is a case-history of humanity in the lowest depths, and a testimony to the outrageous strength of men's will to live, and to his gastric juices." Some of the party was reduced by hunger to cannibalism. This might have been abominable reading, but Mr. Stewart has given the morbid little to gloat over. He is an honest, unhysterical historian. As a straightforward history of the Donner Party this book could hardly be better; Mr. Stewart has done excellently what he set out to do. But the common reader has been reading the blurb which mentions the Bounty and describes *Ordeal By Hunger* as "even more fascinating in its revelation of human character under the presence of truly terrible hardship." If the reader wants his history like a novel this book will be a sad disappointment to him. The characters are mostly simple people made even simpler by suffering. Selfishness, self-sacrifice, hunger, sickness and death repeat themselves as monotonously as Mr. T. S. Eliot when he wants to make our flesh creep. The ladies of the libraries will not consider this a *nice* book; they will not even be able to call it "horrible but so *interesting*, my dear."

Elizabethan Seamen deals briefly with all the Elizabethan

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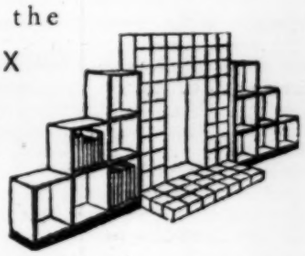

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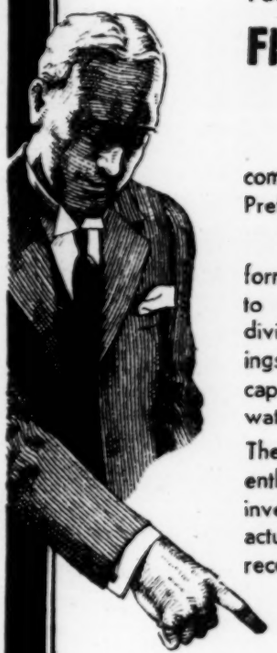

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adventures of the sea. They are fine material for the historian and Mr. Bell recounts their triumphs and failures clearly and without digressions on "what they may be supposed to have felt or thought." His book should go in to every library beside Sir Walter Raleigh's *English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century*.

FREDERICK LAWS

PUBLISHING AS AN ART

John Lane and the Nineties. By J LEWIS MAY. *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

John Lane was one of the first publishers to realise the commercial value of a well-produced book. To judge by the present volume, his skill and taste have not departed from The Bodley Head. How tempting a rather slight volume may be made by loving attention to every detail of paper, binding, type, lettering and illustration! These are qualities which depend, more often than not, on taste and care rather than expense; and it seems inexplicable that there should still remain so many publishers of good books who cannot or will not turn them into beautiful books as well. In other trades such disregard of appearance is almost unknown; of course, there are plenty of bad designs for chairs and curtains and lamps, but nobody supposes, because their primary purpose is to seat, seclude and shed light respectively, that their appearance just doesn't matter, or that every customer should be content to have the same design as his neighbour. Yet there are publishers who will produce hundreds of volumes a year all as like as peas, irrespective of style or subject.

But if the stern reader of *John Lane and the Nineties* should exclaim "More matter, and less art," the reviewer must echo his complaint. Mr. May's book is pleasant to dip into, but hardly does justice to its interesting subject. The Bodley Head played a central part in the charming vaudeville of the Nineties, and Lane made a striking success of his role of *compère*—as the B.B.C. has taught us to say. He came, of yeoman family, from that lovely stretch of Devonshire coast between Hartland and Morwenstow, and his enthusiasm for literature was so nicely balanced by his native sagacity that he became the best sort of publisher—the sort that does comfortably for himself without making a fortune. All this Mr. May conveys, but finds it necessary to pad his book out with retellings of popular sketches by Stephen Leacock, long quotations from Osbert Burdett, jocose verses from *Punch*, and so on. Perhaps the cream of the engaging Nineties has been too thoroughly skimmed already, the story of the *Yellow Book* too frequently told. But the book is almost worth buying for the reproduction of an illustrated letter from Aubrey Beardsley containing a hilarious portrait of himself "dressed up as a tart" and determined "to have a regular spree" at Jimmie's.

D. S.-T.

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SHORTER NOTICES

French Chateaux Open to the Public. By ANGUS HOLDEN and RALPH DUTTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

It is seldom possible to combine satisfactorily a practical guide-book with a critical study of architecture, but the authors of this short volume have solved the problem with marked success. The English traveller in France has been hampered during recent years by a lack of information regarding the country houses which could or could not be visited. In the eighteenth century travellers, such as Philip Thicknesse and Nathaniel Wraxall, wrote detailed accounts of the houses which they "examined," but the French Revolution has made these fascinating books somewhat out of date. Augustus Hare, whose guide to France in four volumes is undeservedly neglected, concentrated chiefly on churches and public buildings, apart from the obvious chateaux in Touraine, so that the publication of a book devoted entirely to country houses fills a gap. The extensive knowledge, the good taste and the critical appreciation shown by the authors in a similar book, *English Country Houses Open to the Public*, have not deserted them now that they have explored broader territories, and as the second edition of *English Houses* was an expansion of the first, so it is to be hoped that when a second edition of French Chateaux is published, a similar expansion will be effected, since in following perhaps too closely the review of La Demeure Historique, one or two omissions have been made. The Chateau of Josselin, for instance, is not mentioned, and as at least the exterior of this house is more than remarkable, bearing comparison with such an English fantasy as Hardwick, and as it is situated in the Morbihan, a district of Brittany much frequented by English tourists, the omission is the more noticeable. An alphabetical index to the chateaux would also be an improvement to the book. The information supplied with regard to times of admission and geographical situation is full and practical. The illustrations are good, and the description together with the admirable photograph taken by Mr. Holden of the Chateau of Tanlay, is sufficient to make even the most blasé traveller yearn for the summer holidays.

Some Passages from the Letters of Æ to W. B. Yeats. Dublin. *Cuala Press.* 12s. 6d.

A. E. surely, not Æ! Did he not once complain that George Moore had "turned him into a diphthong"? But the Cuala Press ought to know. The letters date from 1896 to 1932, but an Abbey Theatre quarrel seems to have resulted in an almost total silence between 1904 and 1921, and the break points more sharply the rather melancholy declension from idealism to disillusion: a change which cannot wholly be explained away as the natural passage from youth to age, for the spirit of A. E. (like that of G. K. C.) retained a youthful freshness not easily liable to drop early enthusiasms. There was, it seems, something in the spectacle of contemporary Ireland which daunted her old champion. In 1896 he rejoices to note "how little English or European materialism, psychology, literature, social and political theories, have affected the mass of the people. Our natural humanity remains, with its love, mysticism, tenderness. . . . Now I am going to raise the standard of idealism, to test everything by it, every custom, every thought, before we make it our own, and every sentiment before it finds a place in our hearts." Brave words, fine world! But in 1932: "Dublin is depressing these days. Ireland seems to be in my eyes like a lout I knew in boyhood who had become a hero and then subsided into a lout again. The events of the past twenty-five years have brought no age into the thought of the young people." The last letter of all condoles with Mr. Yeats on the death of Lady Gregory, to whom A. E. pays a notable tribute. "She was a very noble old lady. The generation to which she belonged was, I think, a rarer and finer breed of life than those who came after. . . . The Anglo-Irish were the best Irish but I can see very little future for them as the present belongs to that half-crazy Gaeldom which is growing dominant about us."

Electricity. By W. L. BRAGG. *Bell.* 8s. 6d.

In this useful book based on his lectures at the Royal Institution, Professor Bragg tries "to present the fundamental ideas of electricity in as simple a way as possible" for the benefit of those who "have not developed an 'electrical common-sense' like the mechanical common-sense which has become almost instinctive." As a user of telephones and magnetos and electric light who has hitherto regarded all electric phenomena as the merest magic, the present reviewer is admirably qualified to estimate the degree of Professor Bragg's success. After reading through these

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six chapters—(What is Electricity? How Electricity Travels; Motors and Dynamos; Our Electrical Supply; Telegraphs and Telephones; Oscillating Electrical Circuits)—he can honestly say that he knows a good deal more about some of these subjects than he did before; that he has on the whole enjoyed the process of instruction; and that he does not think any other instructor could at a first attempt have made any of these things more intelligible. Professor Bragg does not make the mistake of pretending that everything electric is perfectly simple. He uses very few of those idiotic illustrations (" think of the electrons as a crowd of swimmers on the edge of a swimming pool on a cold day ") ; and he only once slips into that populariser's cliché about a " bombardment " of electrons, which is a most unfortunate metaphor for a non-mechanical process. Incidentally he laughs unfairly at Lucretius for explaining the attraction of the magnet as a matter of hooks and rings. But Lucretius in the passage referred to (vi. 906 ff.) actually only mentions " hooks and rings " as an afterthought and as a metaphor, after giving an elaborate explanation, in accordance with the atomic theory, of the creation of a partial vacuum in the neighbourhood of the magnet by the agitation of its atoms—an explanation which is not so very much unlike the conception of " fields of force."

Week-end Competitions

No. 343

Set by V. Sackville West

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most typically inane after-dinner conversation between four hotel-guests who have scraped acquaintance during the day and who are now enjoying their coffee in the lounge. Their topics may be chosen according to the taste of the competitor, but should include at least two of the following :

Comparisons of travel experience (Taormina, Luxor, etc.).
Politics.
The B.B.C.
Royalties (the snob kind, not the literary).
Fashions.
The Loch Ness monster.
English *v.* foreign hotels, with especial reference to food.
Psycho-analysis.

Competitors are limited to 400 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 16th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 341

Set by A. Emil Davies

A leading politician is due to broadcast to the nation on a matter of vital importance. On his arrival the dismayed officials realise that the great man is more than slightly inebriated, a condition clearly indicated by his utterances. He assures them bluntly, however, that he is not too drunk to read his speech.

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for the best and most plausible explanation (not exceeding 50 words) given by the announcer, preparing the vast body of listeners for what is to follow.

Report by A. Emil Davies

In framing this competition, I anticipated that the majority of competitors would suggest either a motor accident or a sudden bereavement. Of the seventy odd competitors only one, however, Miss Margery Fry, mentioned a bereavement, and that was the drowning of a beloved Airedale, in the attempted rescue of which the noble owner secured a severe chill and a recrudescence of malaria. Of the eight competitors who suggested a motor accident, the most ingenious was E. F. G., who made the broadcaster collide with a vehicle laden with crude methylated spirits, the fumes of which had alcoholic effects.

Trouble with dentures was a popular excuse, one of the best being Gerald Summers, with the following :

Sir Titus Tipple's talk is entitled " Five League Fruits," or the " Benefits derived from association with the League by the British Constitution." If Sir Titus finds difficulty in pronouncing the latter and similar phrases, it is due, he says, to a spot of bother he has had with his dentures.

D. L. Halliday made Mr. Statesman visit the dentists to have a painful tooth extracted :

In spite of which, and the effects of what we believe used to be called " laughing gas," he will bravely attempt to read his speech.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers apparently enjoy choosing appropriate titles for politicians. Among those used were, Sir Haver Spotte, Sir Moppingham Squiffe, Lord Thirstie, Rt. Hon. Windebank Screechill, Lord Belcher, Sir Roring Tite, Sir Beere Porter and Lord Haggis.

Muriel Holland makes Sir Harry Wimpleman suffer from the effects of an injection which has left him " somewhat overwrought and with a certain thickness of speech of which he himself is unaware " ; and I also liked Edmund Thomas's allusion to : " A recurrence of that slight stammer which his contemporaries may associate with his early speeches at the Oxford Union."

Many competitors overlooked the fact that plausibility was even more important than wit. Had the latter been the determining factor, both the following would have been well in the running :

The Prime Minister is here to-night, to speak to you about the Government's crushing defeat. We regret that his speech may be indistinct, owing to technical difficulties; if gurgling sounds are heard, however, they will be the Song of the Nightingale, which we are attempting to relay simultaneously. COLERIDGE HILLS

Although, owing to a most unfortunate encounter with an old and implacable enemy of his, Mr. X has been badly shaken and rendered, temporarily, almost blind, he insists, with his customary courage, upon reading his speech, but begs your indulgence, should a slight incoherence occasionally mar his diction. L. V. UPWARD

After some hesitation, I have decided to divide the first prize between E. Chick and Dr. Margaret Martin, and the second prize to P. Wain.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

On his way up to the studio, the Rt. Hon. —— suddenly collapsed. After continued application of stimulants he has just recovered consciousness. He is severely shaken, but insists, against doctor's orders, on carrying out his broadcast. Should he falter during his broadcast, we are sure listeners will bear with him. E. CHICK

FIRST PRIZE (2)

Listeners' indulgence is asked on Mr. ——'s behalf, who has been unfortunately stung by a wasp on the tongue. In spite of the painful and dangerous swelling, he is heroically determined not to disappoint his audience and will endeavour to make his articulation as clear as possible under the circumstances. DR. MARGARET MARTIN

SECOND PRIZE

This is the National Programme. To-night Lord Beardstream will speak on " England, sober amid riot." Unfortunately, owing to recent overwork in the cause of internal harmony, Lord Beardstream collapsed on arrival here. A dose of brandy has been administered, and he has now courageously determined to continue his broadcast. P. WAIN

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

The following is one of the problems submitted in the recent " Football League " competition.

PROBLEM 197.—THE ABECEDARIANS LEAGUE

By *W. F. Luckett*

In the Abecedarians League each team plays each of the others once. Places are gained on points, taking goal-averages into account where necessary.

In last year's competition the result was :

1st	.. ..	Akinsides.
2nd	.. ..	Bumbledon.
3rd	.. ..	Cumberbund United.
4th	.. ..	Doughties.
5th	.. ..	Erewhon Wednesday.
6th	.. ..	Futurists.
7th	.. ..	Gallopers.

The following information is available.

The Futurists beat the Gallopers 2—0.

Two goals were scored in the match between Cumberbund United and the Gallopers.

Bumbledon drew with the Akinsides, Cumberbund United and the Futurists; and there were two other drawn games.

One team beat all those appearing higher on the list and lost to all those appearing lower.

The Gallopers beat the Akinsides.

The total number of goals scored was 20, but no match produced more than 2 goals.

Give the complete final table.

The answers to General Knowledge questions, and points for Problem 195, are held over to next week. I am temporarily separated from my records. CALIBAN

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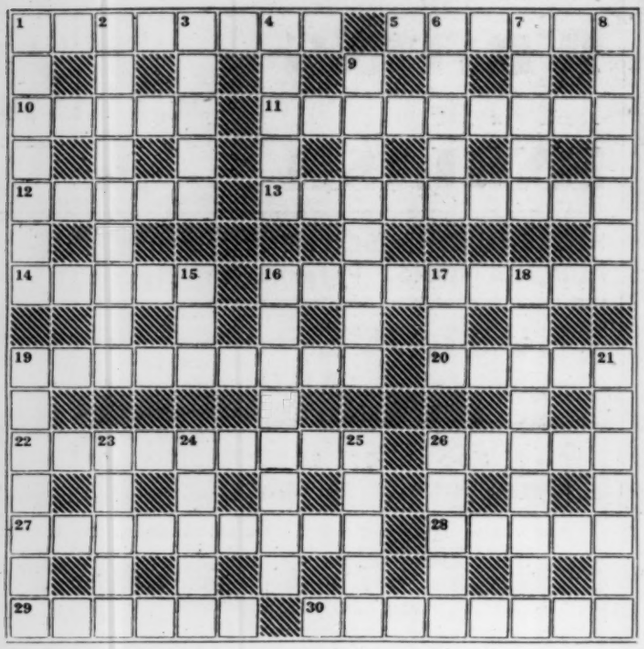
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 344

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. T. J. Rees, 30 Eaton Crescent, Swansea.

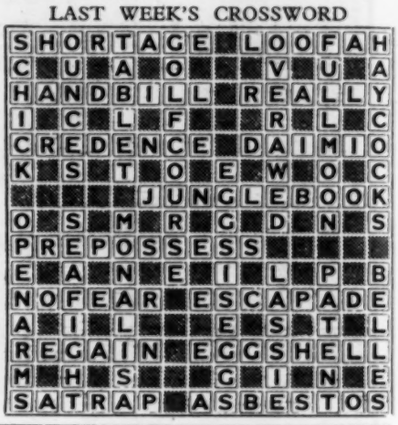
ACROSS

1. In other words a heavy drop of water.
5. This bird evidently does not approve of gambling.
10. Peg out in the entrance to the auditorium.
11. Fatally dangerous speed.
12. Equal contest of an inflammable kind.
13. A Sherwood Forester.
14. In New York nothing is so loud.
16. Remedies for the fallen.
19. How mealy the ball would behave if Larwood put a spin on it.
20. Original plutocratic kingdom.
22. Space for a railway caretaker?
26. One might conclude that this poet's son was named Harold.
27. Healthy condition of 17 when he's out for a run.
28. Among those who speak Telugu I'm perfectly at home.
29. Broke the cane on an M.P.
30. A Parliamentary candidate would not be bound to get into this.

DOWN

1. They are never talebearers.
2. The business of the middleman (or woman)?
3. Add h for the material.
4. A comprehensive stand.
6. Of a fowl complexion.
7. Shows approval of a mercenary murderer.
8. Curious they may be even.
9. He naturally wears a lined fur coat.
15. He has the hump in Tibet.
16. The friendship of the philosopher.
17. It amuses him to go to the dogs.
18. The Tube in italics?
19. "I am not merry; but I do——
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."
21. Whence the castle was dug perhaps.
23. The talk of the garret.
24. Those who do are usually lying.
25. Has a creative faculty.
26. Does it call up the dressmaker?

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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MATINEES

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ALDWYCH. After October. Wed. & Sat.
APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.
COLISEUM. The Desert Song. W., Th., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Spring Tide. Wed. & Sat.
DUKE of YORK'S. No Ordinary Lady. W., S.
GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.
LYRIC. Charles the King. 1st Mat., Oct. 15.
MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.
PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Sat., Oct. 17.
ROYALTY. Marigold. Thurs.
ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Wed. & Sat.
STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. W., Sat., 2.30 Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
THE DESERT SONG,
with EDITH DAY and HARRY WELCHMAN.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
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SPRING TIDE
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NO ORDINARY LADY. By Louis Verneuil.
Jack Melford, Ellen Pollock, D. A. Clarke-Smith.

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Subs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30. 1st Mat., Oct. 15.
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SOPHIE STEWART in
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ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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"MADEMOISELLE."

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Ah Wilderness. By Eugene O'Neil.

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Winter Sunshine. By G. A. Thomas.

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Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
The Black Eye. By James Bridie.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE INDUSTRIAL SHARE BOOM—MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE GOLD STANDARD—AMERICAN RAILROADS—BRITISH EMPIRE FIRST UNIT TRUST

ON September 12th I humbly expressed the pious view that the authorities should be alive to the possibility of the boom in British equity shares exceeding the bounds of decency. This was intended to be read by Mr. Neville Chamberlain's advisers in the Treasury who are proverbially out of touch with conditions on the Stock Exchange. The last thing I expected was that Mr. Chamberlain himself should go out of his way to encourage a Stock Exchange boom in industrial shares. The occasion was the annual Bankers' Banquet at the Mansion House. It is a pity that the Lord Mayor does not make it a rule that while in periods of depression the reigning Chancellor of the Exchequer should be served liberally with champagne, in periods of boom he should be offered lemon and barley water. Briefly, Mr. Neville Chamberlain was so bullish that he could see nothing that was not going up. In his own words: "There is no setback visible in the growing recovery which we have been enjoying for the last few years." He argued that domestic recovery had been secured through cheap money and tariffs (an absurd minimisation of the effects of the housing boom on general employment was interposed in this argument) and that all that remained to complete the boom was a revival in international trade. This, he thought, would develop now that the European gold bloc had been devalued and steps were being taken to remove import quotas and exchange controls. (It did not occur to him that it might help if Great Britain reduced her own tariff barriers to trade.) The following table shows the prices of our leading industrial shares before and after this bull-roaring banquet speech:

	Friday's Close.	Oct. 7th Opening.	Last Div. %	Estimated Div.	Gross Yield %
British Oxygen, £1 ..	5 15/16	6 3/8	15*	20	£3 2 9
Courtaulds, £1 ..	53/9	58/6	7½ t.f.	7½ t.f.	3 7 3
Imperial Tobacco, £1	8¼	8½	24 t.f.	26 t.f.	4 0 3
Imperial Chemicals, £1	40/4½	42/–	8	8	3 16 0
Turner & Newall, £1	96/9	106/6	12½	17½	3 5 9
General Electric, £1 ..	90/–	95/6	15	17½	3 17 9
Vickers, 10/-	35/9	38/6	8	10	2 11 9

* And capital bonus of 28-¼ per cent.

I am not suggesting that our leading industrial shares should immediately be sold. If Mr. Neville Chamberlain continues to talk like a Stock Exchange broker, the boom in industrial equities will go on. If the Government continues to speed up rearmament and press on with the re-housing of the workers and at the same time maintains the tariff protection of British markets, a very unhealthy boom in our domestic industries will develop. But let us not forget that unhealthy booms generally lead on to unhealthy slumps.

* * *

It is quite obvious that Mr. Chamberlain has not thought very deeply about the re-establishment of an international money standard based on gold. Sterling, he proudly declared, was still free. (Cheers!) It was not linked to gold or any other currency. There would be no alteration in the credit policy which was necessary to preserve the internal prosperity of this country or of the other countries in the British Empire. But he believed that in the end we would go back to an international monetary system based on the free exchange of gold—"the only basis which appears to give general confidence." Then he added somewhat naively, "Of course, it would be necessary before we did that to provide security against those violent fluctuations in the value of gold as expressed in terms of commodities which have occasioned so much disturbance in recent years." But this is begging the question. The security Mr. Chamberlain demanded could only be secured by a flexible or managed gold system. If the nations pursue different credit or price or tariff policies they cannot maintain an exchange system of fixed gold parities. The old gold standard meant that in certain circumstances our credit policy would be dictated to us by the outside world. Mr. Chamberlain might study a suggestion put forward by *The Economist*—that our gold reserves should be permanently divided into two compartments, a Bank of England reserve sufficient to maintain cheap credit, and an Exchange Fund reserve sufficient to take the shock of international movements of capital. But what is wrong with our present system of managed currency? Without coming to any definite exchange agreement with the American authorities we appear to be disposed to let gold flow out of our Exchange Fund when sterling falls near to 4.86 if the Americans will do likewise when the dollar falls above 5.00. The world might settle down very well on a gold dollar and managed sterling standard.

* * *

The investor who considers that British industrials are becoming overvalued, if only because of the concentration of investment demand on a limited supply of shares, might remember that there is a fair market on the London Stock Exchange in American railroad stocks. The prices of American railroads have more than doubled during the past eighteen months, but have they overdiscounted the improvement in operating results? An American statistician, whose opinion I value, does not think so and has sent me a report with the following conclusions: "(1) The improvement in railroad earnings has been just as sensational in recent months as the rise in railroad stock prices; (2) A number of the more conservative railroad stocks, such as Chesapeake and Ohio, Union Pacific, Pennsylvania, Louisville and Nashville and Great Northern, appear reasonably priced in relation to current earnings; (3) Earnings of some of the "high leverage" railroad stocks, such as New York Central, Southern Pacific, Southern Railway preferred, and Baltimore and Ohio preferred, are likely to increase so rapidly, if recovery continues in heavy industry, that these stocks appear interesting even at present advanced levels, with the one important reservation that the short-term outlook is darkly clouded by the possibility that no adequate substitute will be found for the freight rate surcharge expiring at the close of 1936." The following table sets out the low prices this year, the current prices, and the estimated 1936 earnings of these stocks:

	Prices. Low 1936.	Current.	Est. 1936 Earnings.	Current Div.	Div. Yield %.
Conservative Stocks.					
Chesapeake & Ohio ..	51	70⅜	5.0	2.8	3.98
Great Northern ..	32	42	4.0	—	—
Louisville & Nashville	57	95½	6.5	4.5	4.71
Pennsylvania	28	40⅜	2.8	1.0	2.45
Union Pacific ..	108	140	8.2	6.0	4.29
Speculative Stocks.					
Baltimore & Ohio 4% prefd.	21	40⅜	3.0	—	—
New York Central ..	27	48½	1.5	—	—
Southern Pacific ..	23	46⅝	2.5	—	—
Southern Railway 5% prefd.	19	47⅜	3.5	—	—

The present rate of monthly earnings is considerably higher than that indicated for 1936 as a whole. If this rate is increased the results for some of the speculative stocks would be startling, on account of the leverage factor. For example, to double the estimated 1936 earnings only the following *increases* in net income would be required: Baltimore and Ohio preferred, 5 per cent.; New York Central common, 11 per cent.; and Southern Railway preferred, 11 per cent. But in view of the uncertain future of the freight rate surcharge, not to mention costs and depreciation policies, American railroad stocks must be regarded as a short-term gamble.

* * *

As an old-time critic of the fixed trusts, I must congratulate the promoters of the British Empire First Unit Trust on their ingenuity in carrying out voluntarily the recommendations of the Board of Trade Committee's report. This new trust is not a fixed but a flexible, management-type trust making use of the popular "unit" system of investment. It has a panel of over 400 authorised companies from whose securities it can select its portfolio. Its initial portfolio consists of fifty of these securities: it can add to or subtract from them at will, provided that the additions are "authorised" investments in the panel and provided that not more than 5 per cent. of the portfolio is invested in one company. The life of the trust is 25 years, but it can be terminated earlier on the decision of a majority of the certificate holders. The managers have eliminated the question of jobbing profits arising after the initial portfolio has been purchased, for the money derived from subscription to sub-units is invested in new securities as and when it accumulates. It is provided that the full accounts of the management company shall be available to certificate holders. The managers are remunerated by an initial service charge of 2¾ per cent. added to the cost of the sub-unit and by 1/16th of 1 per cent., payable half-yearly out of the income of the trust and calculated on the average value of the underlying investments. If the trust is successful the management will surely deserve far more than this modest remuneration. Investment experts in America who manage funds for speculative clients receive as much as 15 per cent. of the net profits.

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Sun., Nov. 8th, at 5 p.m.: BARBARA WOOTTON on "THE POPULAR BASIS OF THE POPULAR FRONT."

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A Course of Three Lectures on "LES CONSTRUCTEURS DE LA PEINTURE CONTEMPORAINE" will be given by PROF. HENRI FOCILLON, Professeur à la Sorbonne, at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on OCTOBER 20th, 21st and 22nd, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Sir Eric Maclagan, C.B.E. (Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum). Lantern illustrations.

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CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, October 11th, at 11 a.m. DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A.: "JAPANESE IMPERIALISM: ITS CAUSE AND CURE." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, October 11th. At 4, Tea-Table Conference: CAPT. A. H. BUTCHER: "THE FUTILITY OF WAR." At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN on "TOLERANCE FOR THE INTOLERANT."

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, October 11th, at 11, DR. EDWARD CONZE: "SPAIN IN REVOLUTION." 6.30, DR. HAR DAYAL: "IMPRESSIONS OF THE WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS."

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DR. CHRISTINE RIVETT will speak on "SEXOLOGICAL PROBLEMS IN AUSTRALIA." Chairman: Dr. Norman Haire. At the Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket, W.1. On Tuesday, October 13th, 1936, at 8 p.m. Admission is free to members. Non-members 2s.

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